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THEOSOPHY

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THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY
THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY,
AND ARYAN LITERATURE

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The Parent Theosophical Society was formed at New York. U. S. A., in 1875, by H. P. Blavatsky, with whom were associated William Q. Judge, Henry S. Olcott, and others.

The defined Objects of the Society were as follows:

I. To form a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

II. The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and

III. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Assent to the First Object only was obligatory on the part of all Fellows, the other Objects being subsidiary and optional.

Index to Theosophy

VOLUME 6

NOVEMBER, 1917 — OCTOBER, 1918

A

Affinities, The Electric and Magnetic, between Man and Nature 517
An Editorial by H. P. B. 567
Ancient Magic in Modern Science 79
Animated Statues 408
Answers to Questions 21, 42, 92, 159, 161, 205, 248, 302, 353, 398, 450, 500, 563
Antaskarana 327
Apollonius Tyaneus and Simon Magus 72
Applications, Principles and 136
A Psychic Warning 132
Around the Table 29, 75, 117, 168, 227, 271, 311, 361, 405, 456, 505, 560
Authority 156
Awakening to the Self, The 460
Awakening, The Inner 268
A Year on the Path 246

B

Being, The Idea of 417
Bhagavad-Gita, Notes on the 200
Birth of the World-Egg, The 547
Blavatsky Lodge, Transactions of the 1, 49, 112, 149, 219, 260
"Blessing" of the Brothers, The 466
Boehme, Jacob, and the Secret Doctrine 127
Book of Images, From the 7, 57, 106, 214
Bright Spot of Light, The 212
Brothers, The "Blessing" of the 466
Bruno, Giordano 385
Buddha's Method 538
Buddhism, Christianity and Phallicism 184

C

Canned Goods 172
Catechism, Shankara's 490
"Catholic Church, Old" 157
Chinese Spirits 121
Christianity, Buddhism, and Phallicism 184
"Church, Old Catholic" 157
Conversations on Occultism 394, 464, 487, 536
Correspondence 110

D

Day of Judgment, The 376
Defence of H. P. B., In 299
Democritus, Wisdom from 56, 213
Discipleship, First Steps of 445
Do the Rishis Exist? 396
Dreams, The Psychology of 440, 495, 539
Druses, Lamas and 62
Dwelling in the Truth 555

E

Editorial by H. P. B., An 567
Electric and Magnetic Affinities between Man and Nature, The 517
Errata in "Seership" 61
Experience, Observation and 230
Extracts from Brihadaranyaka Upanishad 78
Extracts from Goethe 71, 126, 148
Extracts from Lucifer 49, 56, 71, 78, 105, 126, 140, 148, 177, 204, 213, 282, 449
Extracts from The Path 181
Extracts from the Secret Doctrine 11, 28, 120, 139, 167, 183, 218, 234, 245, 254, 259, 294, 310, 366, 393, 404, 416, 444, 459, 494, 550, 562, 570

F

First Steps of Discipleship 445
First Steps on the Path 295
Friendship, True 421
From the Book of Images 7, 57, 106, 214
From the Upanishads 78, 140

G

Gates of Gold, Through the 422
Giordano Bruno 385
Goethe, Extracts from 71, 126, 148
God, The Idea of 276
Goods, Canned 172

H

Hidden Self, The 521
How Are Theosophists to Look at the War? 145
H. P. B., An Editorial by 567
H. P. B., In Defence of 299
Hymn of the Spirit, The 499

I

Idea of Being, The 417
Idea of God, The 276
Idea of Law, The 349
Images, From the Book of 7, 57, 106, 214
Imperfections of Science, The 43

In Defence of H. P. B. 299
India, The Races of Ancient 427
Inner Awakening, The 268
Irenicon, The True 279
Isis Unveiled and the Vishishtadvaita—Correspondence 110
Isis Unveiled, Studies in 193, 241, 289, 337

J

Jacob Boehme and the Secret Doctrine 127
Jottings, Literary 324
Judgment, The Day of 376

K

Karma, Thoughts on 548
Karmic Provision 377

L

Lamas and Druses 62
Law, The Idea of 349
Life Principle, The 86
Life, The Tide of 469, 511
Light, The Bright Spot of 212
Link, The Missing 32
Literary Jottings 324
Lookout, On the 44, 93, 141, 189, 235, 283, 331, 381, 428, 475, 524, 573
Lucifer, Extracts from 49, 56, 71, 78, 105, 126, 140, 148, 177, 204, 213, 282, 449
"Lunatics," Whence the Name? 274

M

Magic, Ancient, in Modern Science 79
Magnets, Nature's Human 35
Man and Nature, The Electric and Magnetic Affinities between 517
Marcus Aurelius, Extracts from 204
Meaning of Om, The 371
Method, Buddha's 538
Mind in Nature, The 173
Missing Link, The 32
Mother of the Vedas, The 380

N

Nature's Human Magnets 35
Nature, The Electric and Magnetic Affinities between Man and 517
Nature, The Mind in 173
Negators of Science, The 315, 367
New Year's Morrow, On the 97
"New Revelation, The" 255
Noble Eightfold Path, The 551
Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita 200

O

Object, What Is Our 571
Observation and Experience 230
Occultism, Conversations on 394, 464, 487, 536
"Ocean of Theosophy," Questions and Answers 161, 205, 248, 302, 353, 398, 450
"Old Catholic Church" 157
Om! 116
Om, The Meaning of 371
On Studying the Secret Doctrine 178
On the Lookout 44, 93, 141, 189, 235, 283, 331, 381, 428, 475, 524, 573
On the New Year's Morrow 97
Oriental Department Papers, Reprints from 295, 314, 371, 380, 421, 427, 460
Our "Saviour" 135

P

Path, A Year on the 246
Path, Extracts from the 181
Path, First Steps on the 295
Path, The Noble Eightfold 551
Persian Zoroastrianism and Russian Vandalism 23
Pertinent Questions 21
Phallicism, Buddhism, Christianity and 184
Prince and the Woodman, The 559
Principles and Applications 136
Principle, The Life 86
Proverbs from Lucifer 177
Provision, Karmic 377
Psychic Warning, A 132
Psychology of Dreams, The 440, 495, 539

Q

Questions Answered 21, 42, 92, 159, 161, 205, 248, 302, 353, 398, 450, 500, 563
Questions and Answers on "The Ocean of Theosophy 161, 205, 248, 302, 353, 398, 450, 500, 563
Questions, Pertinent 21

R

Races of Ancient India, The 427
Ranks, Solidarity in the 346
Reincarnations in Tibet 529
"Revelation, The New" 255
Rishis, Do the, Exist 396

S

"Saviour," Our 135
Science, Ancient Magic in Modern 79
Science, The Imperfections of 43
Science, The Negators of 315, 367

Search, Study or 159
Secret Doctrine Extracts 11, 28, 120, 139, 167, 183, 218, 234, 245, 254, 259, 294, 310, 366, 393, 404, 416, 444, 459, 494, 550, 562, 570
Secret Doctrine, Jacob Boehme and the 127
Secret Doctrine, On Studying the 178
'Seership," Errata in 61
Self, The Awakening to the 460
Self, The Hidden 521
Seership 12, 61
Shankara's Catechism 490
Simon Magnus, Apollonius Tyaneus and 72
Solidarity in the Ranks 346
Spirit, The Hymn of the 499
Spirits, Chinese 121
Statues, Animated 408
Steps of Discipleship, First 445
Steps on the Path, First 295
Studies in Isis Unveiled 193, 241, 289, 337
Studying the Secret Doctrine, On 178
Study or Search? 159

T

Table, Around the 29, 75, 117, 168, 227, 271, 311, 361, 405, 456, 505, 560
Teachings, Thibetan 433, 481
The Awakening to the Self 460
The Birth of the World-Egg 547
The "Blessing" of the Brothers 466
The Bright Spot of Light 212
The Day of Judgment 376
The Electric and Magnetic Affinities between Man and Nature 517
The Hidden Self 521
The Hymn of the Spirit 499
The Idea of Being 417
The Idea of God 276
The Idea of Law 349
The Inner Awakening 268
The Imperfections of Science 43
The Life Principle 86
The Meaning of Om 371
The Mind in Nature 173
The Missing Link 32
The Mother of the Vedas 380
The Negators of Science 315, 367
"The New Revelation" 255
The Noble Eightfold Path 551
The Prince and the Woodman 559
The Psychology of Dreams 440, 495, 539
The Races of Ancient India 427
The Three Worlds 504

T—Continued

The Tide of Life....469, 511
The True Irenicon....279
The Unit of Value....199
The Warrior....314
Theosophists, How Are, To Look at the War....145
Thibetan Teachings....433, 481
Thoughts on Karma....548
Through the Gates of Gold....422
Tibet, Reincarnations in....529
Tide of Life, The....469, 511
Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge....1, 49, 112, 149, 219, 260
True Friendship....421
True Irenicon, The....279
Truth, Dwelling in the....555

U

Unit of Value, The....199
Upanishad, Extracts from Brihadaranyaka....78
Upanishads, From the....78, 140

V

Value, The Unit of....199
Vedas, The Mother of the....380

W

War, How Are Theosophists to Look at the....145
Warning, A Psychic....132
Warrior, The....314
What Is Our Object?....571
Whence the Name "Lunatics"?....274
Wisdom, Words of....204
Wisdom from Democritus....56, 213
Woodman, The Prince and the....559
Words of Wisdom....204
World-Egg, The Birth of the....547
Worlds, The Three....504

Y

Year on the Path, A....246

Z

Zoroastrianism, Persian, and Russian Vandalism....23

A U M

There is one director; there is no second. I speak concerning him who abides in the heart. This being, the director, dwells in heart and directs all creatures. Impelled by that same being, I move as I am ordered, like water on a declivity. There is one instructor; there is no second different from him, and I speak concerning him who abides in the heart.—*Anugita.*

THEOSOPHY

Vol. VI NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 1

No Theosophical Society, as such, is responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editors will be accountable.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE

OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
DISCUSSIONS OF THE STANZAS OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

(PART TWO)

The "Transactions" were compiled from shorthand notes taken at the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society, January 10th to June 20th, 1889, and later printed in pamphlet form. Copies of this pamphlet are getting rarer with every year. THEOSOPHY is therefore reprinting the "Transactions" for the benefit of present-day students. Part II consists of Stanzas II and IV (Slokas 1 to 5) of the *"Book of Dzyan,"* upon which *"The Secret Doctrine"* is based. The answers to the questions were given by H. P. Blavatsky. Students not possessing *"The Secret Doctrine"* will find that these Stanzas are also printed in H. P. Blavatsky's *"Voice of the Silence,"* which is owned by most students, or can be purchased, through THEOSOPHY, at the nominal price of seventy-five cents, postpaid. The first part of the "Transactions" was printed in the issues of THEOSOPHY from June to October, 1916, inclusive.

V.

STANZA II. (*Continued.*)

Sloka (3). THE HOUR HAD NOT YET STRUCK; THE RAY HAD NOT YET FLASHED INTO THE GERM; THE MATRI-PADMA (*mother lotus*) HAD NOT YET SWOLLEN.

"The Ray of the 'ever-darkness' becomes, as it is emitted, a ray of effulgent life, and flashes into the 'germ'—the point in the Mundane Egg, represented by matter in its abstract sense."

Q. Is the Point in the Mundane Egg the same as the Point in the Circle, the Unmanifested Logos?

A. Certainly not: the Point in the Circle is the Unmanifested Logos, the Manifested Logos is the Triangle. Pythagoras speaks of the never manifested Monad which lives in solitude and darkness; when the hour strikes it radiates from itself ONE the first number. This number descending, produces TWO, the second number, and TWO, in its turn, produces THREE, forming a triangle, the first complete geometrical figure in the world of form. It is this ideal or abstract triangle which is the Point in the Mundane Egg, which, after gestation, and in the third remove, will start from the Egg to form the Triangle. This is Brahmâ-Vâch-Virâj in the Hindu Philosophy and Kether-Chochmah-Binah in the Zohar. The First Manifested Logos is the Potentia, the unrevealed Cause; the Second, the still latent Thought; the Third, the Demiurgus, the active Will evolving from its universal Self the active effect, which, in its turn, becomes the cause on a lower plane.

Q. What is Ever-Darkness in the sense used here?

A. Ever-Darkness means, I suppose, the ever-unknowable mystery, behind the veil—in fact, Parabrahm. Even the Logos can see only Mulaprakriti, it cannot see that which is beyond the veil. It is that which is the "Ever-unknowable Darkness."

Q. What is the Ray in this connection?

A. I will recapitulate. We have the plane of the circle, the face being black, the point in the circle being potentially white, and this is the first possible conception in our minds of the invisible Logos. "Ever-Darkness" is eternal, the Ray periodical. Having flashed out from this central point and thrilled through the Germ, the Ray is withdrawn again within this point and the Germ developes into the Second Logos, the triangle within the Mundane Egg.

Q. What, then, are the stages of manifestation?

A. The first stage is the appearance of the potential point in the circle—the unmanifested Logos. The second stage is the shooting forth of the Ray from the potential white point, producing the first point, which is called, in the Zohar, Kether or Sephira. The third stage is the production from Kether of Chochmah, and Binah, thus constituting the first triangle, which is the Third or manifested Logos—in other words, the subjective and objective Universe. Further, from this manifested Logos will proceed the Seven Rays, which in the Zohar are called the lower Sephiroth and in Eastern occultism the primordial seven rays. Thence will proceed the innumerable series of Hierarchies.

Q. Is the Triangle here mentioned that which you refer to as the Germ in the Mundane Egg?

A. Certainly it is. But you must remember that there are both the Universal and Solar Eggs (as well as others), and that

it is necessary to qualify any statement made concerning them. The Mundane Egg is an expression of Abstract Form.

Q. May Abstract Form be called the first manifestation of the eternal female principle?

A. It is the first manifestation not of the female principle, but of the Ray which proceeds from the central point which is perfectly sexless. There is no eternal female principle, for this Ray produces that which is the united potentiality of both sexes but is by no means either male or female. This latter differentiation will only appear when it falls into matter, when the Triangle becomes a Square, the first Tetraktys.

Q. Then the Mundane Egg is as sexless as the Ray?

A. The Mundane Egg is simply the first stage of manifestation, undifferentiated primordial matter, in which the vital creative Germ receives its first spiritual impulse; Potentiality becomes Potency.

Matter, by convenience of metaphor, only, is regarded as feminine, because it is receptive of the rays of the sun which fecundate it and so produce all that grows on its surface, *i. e.,* on this the lowest plane. On the other hand primordial matter should be regarded as substance, and by no means can be spoken of as having sex.

Thus the Egg, on whatever plane you speak of, means the ever-existing undifferentiated matter which strictly is not matter at all but, as we call it, the Atoms. Matter is destructible in form while the Atoms are absolutely indestructible, being the quintessence of Substances. And here, I mean by "atoms" the primordial divine Units, not the "atoms" of modern Science.

Similarly the "Germ" is a figurative expression; the germ is everywhere, even as the circle whose circumference is nowhere and whose centre is everywhere. It therefore means all germs, that is to say, unmanifested nature, or the whole creative power which will emanate, called by the Hindus Brahmâ, though on every plane it has a different name.

Q. Is the Matri-Padma the eternal or the periodical Egg?

A. The eternal Egg; it will become periodical only when the ray from the first Logos shall have flashed from the latent Germ in the Matri-Padma which is the Egg, the Womb of the Universe which is to be. By analogy, the physical germ in the female cell could not be called eternal, though the latent spirit of the germ concealed within the male cell in nature, may be so called.

Sloka (4). HER HEART HAD NOT YET OPENED FOR THE ONE RAY TO ENTER, THENCE TO FALL AS THREE INTO FOUR IN THE LAP OF MAYA.

"But as the hour strikes and it becomes receptive of the Fohatic impress of the Divine Thought (the Logos or the male aspect of the Anima Mundi, Alaya)—its heart opens."*

* Vol. I, p. 58, original edition; p. 88, new edition.

Q. Does not the Fohatic impress of the Divine Thought apply to a later stage of differentiation?

A. Fohat, as a distinct force or entity, is a later development. "Fohatic" is an adjective and may be used in a more wide sense; Fohat, as a substantive, or Entity, springs from a Fohatic attribute of the Logos. Electricity cannot be generated from that which does not contain an electric principle or element. The divine principle is eternal, the gods are periodical. Fohat is the Sakti or force of the divine mind; Brahmâ and Fohat are both aspects of the divine mind.

Q. Is it not the intention in the Commentaries to this Stanza to convey some idea of the subject by speaking of correspondences in a much later stage of evolution?

A. Exactly so; it has several times been stated that the Commentaries on the First Volume are almost entirely concerned with the evolution of the solar system only. The beauty and wisdom of the Stanzas consist in this, that they may be interpreted on seven different planes, the last reflecting, by the universal law of correspondences and analogy, in its most differentiated, gross and physical aspect, the process which takes place on the first or purely spiritual plane. I may state here once for all that the first Stanzas treat of the awakening from Pralaya and are not concerned with the Solar system alone, while Vol. II. deals only with our Earth.

Q. Can you say what is the real meaning of the word Fohat?

A. The word is a Turanian compound and its meanings are various. In China *Pho*, or *Fo*, is the word for "animal soul", the vital *Nephesh* or the breath of life. Some say that it is derived from the Sanscrit "Bhu", meaning existence, or rather the essence of existence. Now Swayambhu means Brahmâ and Man at the same time. It means self-existence and self-existing, that which is everlasting, the eternal breath. If Sat is the potentiality of Being, Pho is the potency of Being. The meaning, however, entirely depends upon the position of the accent. Again, Fohat is related to Mahat. It is the reflection of the Universal Mind, the synthesis of the "Seven" and the intelligences of the seven creative Builders, or, as we call them, Cosmocratores. Hence, as you will understand, life and electricity are one in our philosophy. They say life is electricity, and if so, then the One Life is the essence and root of all the electric and magnetic phenomena on this manifested plane.

Q. How is it that Horus and the other "Son-Gods" are said to be born "through an immaculate Mother"?

A. On the first plane of differentiation there is no sex—to use the term for convenience' sake—but both sexes exist potentially in primordial matter. Matter is the root of the word "mother" and therefore female; but there are two kinds of matter. The undifferentiated, primordial matter is not fecundated by some act in space and time, fertility and productiveness being inherent

in it. Therefore that which emanates or is *born* out of that inherent virtue is not born from, but through, it. In other words, that virtue or quality is the sole cause that this something manifests through its vehicle; whereas on the physical plane, Mother-matter is not the active cause but the passive means and instrument of an independent cause.

In the Christian doctrine of the Immaculate Conception—a materializing of the metaphysical and spiritual conception—the mother is first fecundated by the Holy Ghost and the Child born from, and not through, her. "From" implies that there is a limited and conditioned source to start from, the act having to take place in Space and Time. "Through" is applicable to Eternity and Infinity as well as to the Finite. The Great Breath thrills through Space, which is boundless, and is *in*, not *from*, eternity.

Q. How does the Triangle become the Square, and the Square the six-faced Cube?

A. In occult and Pythagorean geometry the Tetrad is said to combine within itself all the materials from which Kosmos is produced. The Point or One, extends to a Line—the Two; a Line to a Superficies, Three; and the Superficies, Triad or Triangle, is converted into a Solid, the Tetrad or Four, by the point being placed over it. Kabalistically Kether, or Sephira, the Point, emanates Chochmah and Binah, which two, are the synonym of *Mahat*, in the Hindu Purânas, and this Triad, descending into matter, produces the Tetragrammaton, *Tetraktys*, as also the lower Tetrad. This number contains both the productive and produced numbers. The Duad doubled makes a Tetrad and the Tetrad doubled forms a Hebdomad. From another point of view it is the Spirit, Will, and Intellect animating the four lower principles.

Q. Then how does the Square become the six-faced Cube?

A. The Square becomes the Cube when each point of the triangle becomes dual, male or female. The Pythagoreans said "Once One, Twice Two, and there ariseth a Tetrad, having on its top the highest Unit; it becomes a Pyramid whose base is a plane Tetrad; divine light resting on it, makes the abstract Cube."

The surface of the Cube is composed of six squares, and the Cube unfolded gives the Cross, or the vertical Four, barred by the horizontal Three; the six thus making Seven, the seven principles or the Pythagorean seven properties in man. See the excellent explanation given of this in Mr. R. Skinner's *Source of Measures*.

"Thus is repeated on earth the mystery enacted, according to the Seers, on the divine plane. The 'Son' of the immaculate Celestial Virgin (or the undifferentiated cosmic protyle—Matter in its infinitude) is born again on Earth as the son of the terrestrial Eve—our mother Earth, and becomes Humanity as a total—past, present and future—for Jehovah or Jod-He-Vau-He is androgyne, or both male and female. Above, the 'Son' is the whole Kosmos; below, he is Mankind. The Triad or Triangle becomes the Tetrak-

tys, the sacred Pythagorean number, the perfect Square and six-faced Cube on Earth. The Macroprosopus (the Great Face) is now Microprosopus (The Lesser Face); or, as the Kabalists have it, the 'Ancient of Days' descending on Adam Kadmon whom he uses as his vehicle to manifest through, gets transformed into Tetragrammaton. It is now in the lap of Maya, the Great Illusion, and between itself and the Reality has the Astral Light, the great deceiver of man's limited senses, unless Knowledge through Paramarthasatya comes to the rescue."*

That is to say, the Logos becomes a Tetragrammaton; the Triangle, or the Three becomes the Four.

Q. Is the Astral Light used here in the sense of Maya?

A. Certainly. It is explained further on in the *Secret Doctrine* that practically there are only four planes belonging to the planetary chains. The three higher planes are absolutely *Arupa* and outside our comprehension.

Q. Then the Tetraktys is entirely different from Tetragrammaton?

A. The Tetraktys by which the Pythagoreans swore, was not the Tetragrammaton, but on the contrary, the higher or superior Tetraktys. In the opening chapters of *Genesis* we have a clue to the discovery of this lower Tetragrammaton. We there find Adam, Eve, and Jehovah who becomes Cain. The further extension of Humanity is symbolised in Abel, as the human conception of the higher. Abel is the daughter and not the son of Eve, and symbolises the separation of the sexes; while the murder of Abel is symbolical of marriage. The still more human conception is found at the end of the fourth Chapter, when speaking of Seth, to whom was born a son, Enos, after which men began—not, as translated in Genesis, to "call upon the Lord"—but to be called *Jod-He-Vah,* meaning males and females.

The Tetragrammaton, therefore, is simply Malkuth; when the bridegroom comes to the bride on Earth, then it becomes Humanity. The seven lower Sephiroth must all be passed through, the Tetragrammaton becoming more and more material. The Astral Plane lies between the *Tetraktys* and Tetragrammaton.

Q. Tetraktys appears to be used here in two entirely different senses?

A. The true Pythagorean Tetraktys was the Tetraktys of the invisible Monad, which produces the first Point, the second and the third and then retires into the darkness and everlasting silence; in other words the Tetraktys is the first Logos. Taken from the plane of matter, it is among other things, the lower Quaternary, the man of flesh or matter.

(To be continued.)

*Vol. 1, p. 60.

FROM THE BOOK OF IMAGES

MANY were those who joined the company of the Master, drawn by the universal force of the Rishis. They knew not why they came, but gave themselves diverse reasons, each according to his own nature. Some traveled but a little way. These were they in whom the inner forces took the downward path of idle curiosity, channeled deep by much seeing and little understanding.

These went away laughing. "This is no Master. He is but a fountain of dry sayings. He utters no novel things. All that he says can be read in old scrolls. Why follow a mere parchment?" Idle and vain their reasons for coming. Idle and vain their reasons for going. Nor did any of them perceive that not sifting they were sifted.

Others of keen desires followed longer. These said within themselves, "How can we tell? Perchance this is in very truth a Master. A man of subtlety can perceive that his words are but masks for the unwary. If we follow patiently perchance we may see wonders, and ourselves, by attention, learn how to perform marvels which will bring us a great repute."

Giving themselves credit for deep wisdom they pressed close, but when they saw that daityas were not commanded, when neither suras nor asuras were summoned, they murmured among themselves. When they saw of a surety that the work of the hands was done by the hands, and the work of the feet by the feet, and no visible effects wrought by invisible means, they reviled this Teacher of man.

"We have not been deceived, but being open and fair-minded, we have put this Guru on trial and have patiently attended. It is known to us that when great Teachers come they bear marks and show works of distinguishment. He has not shown us the dead in their golden carapaces. He has not opened the door of communication with the Pitris. He has not walked on the waters of the past wherein are reflected our lives that have been. It is a sin to waste one's time with those who do naught but repeat and recite the sayings that were taught us as children. We cannot encourage these vain repetitions. But we are not discouraged. We believe in wisdom and will seek elsewhere, and when we have found the great Teacher we will know him, for he will recognize us." So these followers of keen desires turned aside into other paths, searching for other Gurus who would bear marks and show works of distinguishment according to their nature.

Brahmins came, fertile with questions. They were deeply versed in the shastras and conversant with the dialectics of the eight schools, knowing all that had been taught, and needing not to refer to the scriptures, so learned were they. For a space they

were greatly impressed, for this Guru listened to their disputations with attention. But their questions were asked of each other, each desirous to manifest his great lore; each ready to prove that the others were grievous in error and understood not the true interpretation of the Upanishads. They discoursed of Brahman, of Purusha and of the Prakriti. But when they fell silent at last, this Master spoke to them kindly and said of Brahman, of Purusha and of Mulaprakriti, "Wisdom is the realization, Thát thou art."

Then these Brahmins withdrew from the presence of the Master, feeling contaminated by listening to one utter blasphemies, claiming that he was Brahman, Purusha and Mulaprakriti.

"What," said they to each other, "will become of the divine institution of castes if men are deluded by these follies concerning the Supreme Brahma? This is a Nastika who makes of himself the Deity. This is no true Guru, but a false saint possessed by an evil spirit which makes mock of holy things. From our youth we have lived the most pure lives, yet we do not esteem ourselves so highly as this. This man does not recite mantra, he mixes with sudras, pariahs and wanderers. He goes not to the temple, he performs not the rites of purification, he follows not the ordinances of Manu, but speaks of holy things and the mysteries as though they were the heritage of all mankind."

Came also rich vaishyas desirous of trafficking in speech with the Guru, and offering rich offerings for a sign. But when the Master gave no sign, and when the Master taught that those who had much should seek to enrich their exchanges by giving much for little, and should not weigh the hand in measures sold to the poor, these merchants perceived that their standing was not recognized, and returned to their booths.

"Why give heed to every wandering faquir who goes naked through the land? Rishis of great renown in elder days were pleased to incarnate in vaishya guise. A true Teacher would purify the religion that is extant among men, separating the spurious from the true. But this man's sayings would reduce all merchants to penury and no merchandise could be had. We should descend in caste and become sudras. A true Guru would show us the way to mount to the caste of kshattriyas, or even in our case become Brahmins. True wisdom would have accepted our offer and shown us a sign, and being thus supported this man would have become known as a great Teacher and all would have prospered."

In time even those who had been longest in the company of the Master grew weary of the journey, or were disturbed by the defections of those who came, who listened, who departed on their several ways.

"Have we not adhered steadfastly for a long time to the company of this Guru? Have we not asked many questions concern-

ing the Spirit, whence it comes, where it abides, and whither it goes? Have we not meditated with regularity upon the sacred syllable, considering the manifold applications of the Udgitha? Have we not sacrificed all for the Path of this Teacher, forsaking kinsmen, wife and children to follow him? We have made sacrifice, given in alms to these others, and yet we do not enjoy. What reward have we received? There is no end of things to be endured and no reward is forthcoming. Were this in very truth the Master there would be no need for this constancy in abnegation and such lack on our part of things needful to our comfort. We ask but little and we receive not that. Or if indeed this be a Master, manifestly he is not of this world and therefore seeth not our need. He feels no lack and therefore we suffer as much as the slaves of an unfeeling Lord. We are no whit wiser than before. We have been deceived by sounds without sustenance. Those did wisely who left soon. Those did most wisely who soonest departed. Better were it for us to seek again to rejoin our castes and make peace with the religion of our fathers. Kinsmen, wife and children will rejoice at our return from this waste of wandering after strange teachers. Let us return to the faith of our fathers, make sacrifice, give alms, and once more enjoy the peace that comes from the established order of things."

But Isandha, being filled with love for the Master, did not question the actions of the Guru. Gratitude filled his heart, dissolved the rebellion of the mind, and made straight the angle of his vision. The subtleties of intellection disappeared and he saw without reasoning upon abstractions that the path which is not manifest is embodied in faith, love and gratitude for the Teacher who walks in the path of the predecessors.

He hungered upon the Master's walk, seeking to do him service. Therefore to him the Master spoke without indirections, as saying, "Isandha, this woman is weary and her child is feeble." Then Isandha would carry the child and lift up the mother's heart with tales of great Rishis who came of old among men, teaching by example. And as they talked and walked, the woman would forego her weariness, the child gain in strength and Isandha, unvexed with knowledge that he was making sacrifice, enjoyed the hundred-fold bliss of the seraphs who perform no works, their period of karma being exhausted.

Or as the Master might say, "Isandha, this old man is near to the time of his parting. Assuage thou his passing." Then Isandha, filled with the Master's love, entered into the darkness of the sorrows of those who die old, but still longing for life, more life. Mixed with the heart of the ancient, the eternal youth of his love pierced the gray world of the dying. The old man stepped on the bridge of faith that is feeling, became clothed in the covenant of the immortal and departed the old body as a man throweth away old garments and putteth on others which are new. And

Isandha, transported in love and in service, knew the hundred-fold bliss of the departed, and saw the hosts of souls in the golden carapaces of the Devaloka. Their bliss was his bliss. The knowledge of all their works was his knowledge.

Or as the Master might say, "Isandha, seest thou this repentant sinner, shrouded with the undying memory of his sins. Canst thou not lighten his gloom?" Then sinless and stainless Isandha, showing his sins, for his love made him one with the sinner and his sins, entered boldly into the midst of the memories of the sinner. Then the mind of the sinner, like a dead sun robbed of its rays, feeling the warmth and the love of Isandha, rose from the Kamaloka, and seeing others all round about here in the world sick in their sins, entered into the partnership of works, giving courage and counsel to all to rise from their despondencies and fare forward to newer and better works, thus slaying the memories of past evils. And Isandha, filled with compassion for all who sin and suffer, had the knowledge of those who walk on the waters of the past wherein are reflected our lives that have been, and entered into the hundred-fold bliss of the Saviours of mankind, the bliss of the many Masters of Compassion.

Or as the Master might say, "Isandha, at a day's journey, or peradventure at a month's distance, there are those afflicted. Their malady is such that they resent all help given them."

Then Isandha, light of heart that the Master found him worthy for usance, went joyfully and carried the message of the Master to all who would listen. When they bruised him with stones, daityas received the blows, and Isandha knew not that his body was beaten. When they reviled him for performing unrequited service, suras lengthened their cries to antiphonal chants so that the ears of Isandha were rapt to melodies divine and awakening. When here and there one who was afflicted came out from the stubbornness of the strange malady and hearkened to the healing of Isandha, the doors were opened and the Spirit descended upon this Isandha, so that the bliss of All-Being was his, and the knowledge of the Spirit was his and he knew that there is no separateness at all.

Thus those who sought did not find, but Isandha who did not seek, being content in love for the Master, seeking only to do him service, found that which the curious could not find, which those of keen desire could not find, which learned Brahmins, fertile with questions, could not find, which rich vaishyas, desirous of trafficking in speech with the Guru, and offering rich offerings for a sign, could not find, which those who had been longest in the company of the Master could not find. Yet Isandha found how to perform marvels, how to command the daityas, how to summon both the suras and the asuras, how are wrought visible effects by invisible means. Isandha found the ultimate divisions of time, so that all that had been and all that is joined hands in his immediate

presence. He found the knowledge that all beings seek in every path, and he enjoyed the bliss of all worlds and of all beings.

Seeking not he found, for he was filled with love for the Master, gratitude filled his heart, faith filled his heart. He hungered upon the Master's walk, seeking to do him service. For the Master is the embodiment of the path which is not manifest, and the service of the Master, whether near or far, and performed for all men alike, is the path of seeing, is the path of hearing, is the path of knowing, is the path of Being. Without reasoning upon abstractions, this path discloses that Brahman, that Purusha, that Mulaprakriti, which is everywhere but which cannot be found by much seeing, by much hearing, by much knowing. This path is the true Udgitha, and in the divine resonance of love, of service and of faith, is the meditation upon Om, which Isandha without subtleties gained in the company of the Master.

SECRET DOCTRINE EXTRACTS*

The Secret Doctrine teaches us that everything in the Universe, as well as the Universe itself, is formed ("created") during its periodical manifestations—by accelerated Motion set into activity by the Breath of the Ever-to-be-unknown Power—unknown to present mankind, at any rate—within the phenomenal world. The Spirit of Life and Immortality was everywhere symbolized by a circle; hence the serpent biting its tail, represents the Circle of Wisdom in Infinity; as does the astronomical cross—the cross within a circle—and the globe, with two wings added to it, which then became the sacred Scarabæus of the Egyptians, its very name being suggestive of the secret idea attached to it. For the Scarabæus is called in the Egyptian papyri, Khopirron and Khopri from the verb *khopron,* "to become," and has thus been made a symbol and an emblem of human life and of the successive "becomings" of man, through the various peregrinations and metempsychoses, or reïncarnations, of the liberated soul. This mystical symbol shows plainly that the Egyptians believed in reïncarnation and the successive lives and existences of the Immortal Entity. As this, however, was an Esoteric Doctrine, revealed only during the Mysteries, by the Priest-hierophants and the King-initiates to the Candidates, it was kept secret. The Incorporeal Intelligences (the Planetary Spirits, or Creative Powers) were always represented under the form of circles. In the primitive Philosophy of the Hierophants these *invisible* circles were the prototypic causes and builders of all the heavenly orbs, which were their *visible* bodies or coverings, and of which they were the souls. It was certainly a universal teaching in antiquity.[1]

*Vol. II, p. 551-552, original Edition; p. 582, new Edition.

[1] See *Ezekiel,* 1.

SEERSHIP*

THE following remarks are not intended to be a critique upon the literary merits or demerits of the poem which is taken as the subject of criticism. In 1882, *The Theosophist*[1] published a review of "The Seer, a Prophetic Poem," by Mr. H. G. Hellon, and as clairvoyance is much talked of in the West, it seemed advisable to use the verses of this poet for the purpose of inquiring, to some extent, into the western views of Seership, and of laying before my fellow seekers the views of one brought up in a totally different school.

I have not yet been able to understand with the slightest degree of distinctness what state is known as "Seership" in the language of western mysticism. After trying to analyze the states of many a "seer," I am as far as ever from any probability of becoming wiser on the subject, as understood here, because it appears to me that no classification whatever exists of the different states as exhibited on this side of the globe, but all the different states are heterogeneously mixed. We see the state of merely catching glimpses in the astral light denominated *seership,* at the same time that the very highest illustrations of that state are called *trances.*

As far as I have yet been able to discover, "Seership," as thus understood here, does not come up to the level of *Sushupti,* which is the dreamless state in which the mystic's highest consciousness—composed of his highest intellectual and ethical faculties—hunts for and seizes any knowledge he may be in need of. In this state the mystic's lower nature is at rest (paralyzed); only his highest nature roams into the ideal world in quest of food. By *lower nature,* I mean his physical, astral or psychic, lower emotional and intellectual principles, including the lower fifth.[2] Yet even the knowledge obtained during the Sushupti state must be regarded, from this plane, as theoretical and liable to be mixed, upon resuming the application of the body, with falsehood and with the preconception of the mystic's ordinary waking state, as compared with the true knowledge acquired during the several initiations. There is no guarantee held out for any mystic that any experience, researches, or knowledge that may come within his reach in any other state whatever, is accurate, except in the mysteries of initiation.

But all these different states are necessary to growth. *Yagrata*—our waking state, in which all our physical and vital organs, senses, and faculties find their necessary exercise and development, is needed to prevent the physical organization from collapsing. *Swapna*—dream state, in which are included all the various states of consciousness between Ygrata and Sushupti, such as somnambulism, trance, dreams, visions, &c.—is necessary for the physical

* This article was printed by William Q. Judge in *The Path* for April, 1886.
[1] See *Theosophist,* Vol. III, p. 177.
[2] See *Esoteric Buddhism* for the sevenfold classification adopted by many Theosophists.

faculties to enjoy rest, and for the lower emotional and astral faculties to live, become active, and develop; and *Sushupti* state comes about in order that the consciousness of both Ygrata and Swapna states may enjoy rest, and for the fifth principle, which is the one active in Sushupti, to develop itself by appropriate exercise. In the equilibrium of these three states lies true progress.

The knowledge acquired during Sushupti state might or might not be brought back to one's physical consciousness; all depends upon his desires, and according as his lower consciousnesses are or are not prepared to receive and retain that knowledge.

The avenues of the ideal world are carefully guarded by elementals from the trespass of the profane.

Lytton makes Mejnour say:[1] "We place our tests in ordeals that purify the passions and elevate the desires. And nature in this controls and assists us, for it places awful guardians and unsurmountable barriers between the ambitions of vice and the heaven of loftier science."

The desire for physical enjoyment, if rightly directed, becomes elevated, as a desire for something higher, gradually becoming converted into a desire to do good to others, and thus ascending. ceases to be a desire, and is transformed into an element of the sixth principle.

The control by nature to which Mejnour refers is found in the natural maximum and minimum limits; there cannot be too much ascension, nor can the descent be too quick or too low. The assistance of nature is found in the Turya state, in which the adept takes one step and nature helps for another.

In the Sushupti state, one might or might not find the object of his earnest search, and as soon as it is found, the moment the desire to bring it back to normal consciousness arises, that moment Sushupti state is at an end for the time being. But one might often find himself in an awkward position when he has left that state. The doors for the descent of the truth into the lower nature are closed. Then his position is beautifully described in an Indian proverb: "The bran in the mouth and the fire are both lost." This is an allusion to a poor girl who is eating bran, and at the same time wants to kindle the fire just going out before her. She blows it with the bran in her mouth; the bran falls on the dying ashes, extinguishing them completely; she is thus a double loser. In the Sushupti state, the anxiety which is felt to bring back the experience to consciousness acts as the bran with the fire. Anxiety to have or to do, instead of being a help as some imagine, is a direct injury, and if permitted to grow in our waking moments, will act with all the greater force on the plane of Sushupti. The result of these failures is clearly set forth by Patanjali.[2]

Even where the doors to the lower consciousness are open, the knowledge brought back from Sushupti state might, owing to the

[1] *Zanoni*, Book IV, Chapter 2.
[2] *Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms*, 30 & 31, Part I.

distractions and difficulties of the direct and indirect routes of ascent and descent, be lost on the way either partially or wholly, or become mixed up with misconceptions and falsehood.

But in this search for knowledge in Sushupti, there must not remain a spark of indifference or idle inquisitiveness in the higher consciousness. Not even a jot of lurking hesitation about entering into the state, nor doubt about its desirability, nor about the usefulness or accuracy of the knowledge gleaned on former occasions, or to be presently gleaned. If there is any such doubt or hesitancy, his progress is retarded. Nor can there be any cheating or hypocrisy, nor any laughing in the sleeve. In our normal wakeful state it always happens that when we believe we are earnestly aspiring, some one or more of the elements of one or more of our lower consciousness belie us, make us feel deluded and laugh at us, for such is the self-inconsistent nature of desire.

In this state which we are considering, there are subjective and objective states, or classes of knowledge and experience, even as there are the same in Yagrata. So, therefore, great care should be taken to make your aims and aspirations *as high as possible* while in your normal condition. Woe to him who would dare to trifle with the means placed at his disposal in the shape of Sushupti. One of the most effectual ways in which western mystics could trifle with this is to seek for the missing links of evolution, so as to bring that knowledge to the normal consciousness, and then with it to extend the domain of "scientific" knowledge. Of course, from the moment such a desire is entertained, the one who has it is shut out from Sushupti.*

The mystic might be interested in analyzing the real nature of the objective world, or in soaring up to the feet of *Manus*,[1] to the spheres where Manava intellect is busy shaping the mould for a future religion, or had been shaping that of a past religion. But here the maximum and minimum limits by which nature controls are again to be taken account of. One essential feature of Sushupti is,

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* The following from the *Kaushitaki Upanishad,* (see Max Muller's translation, and also that published in the Bibliotheka Indica, with Sankaracharya's commentary—Cowell's tran.) may be of interest to students. "Agatasatru to him: 'Bàlâki, where did this person here sleep? Where was he? Whence did he come back?' Bàlâki, did not know. And Agatasatru said to him: 'Where this person here slept, where he was, whence he thus came back, is this: The arteries of the heart called Hita extend from the heart of the person towards the surrounding body. Small as a hair divided a thousand times, they stand, full of a thin fluid of various colors, white, black, yellow, red. In these the person is when sleeping, he sees no dream (Sushupti). Then he becomes one with that prina (breath) alone.'" (Elsewhere the number of these arteries is said to be 101.) "And as a razor might be fitted in a razor case, or as fire in the fire place, even thus this conscious self enters into the self of the body, to the very hair and nails; he is the master of all, and eats with and enjoys with them. So long as Indra did not understand the self, the Asuras (lower principles in man) conquered him. When he understood it, he conquered the Asuras, and obtained the pre-eminence among all gods. And thus also he who knows this obtains pre-eminence, sovereignty, supremacy." And in the *Khandogya Upanishad,* VI Prap. 8, Kh, I: "When the man sleeps here, my dear son, he becomes united with the True—in Sushupti sleep—he is gone to his own self. Therefore they say, he sleeps (Swapita), because he is gone (apita) to his own (sva). And in *Prasna Up* II, 1. "There are 101 arteries from the heart; one of them penetrates the crown of the head: moving upwards by it man reaches the immortal: the others serve for departing in different directions." (ED. PATH.)

[1] This opens up an intensely interesting and highly important subject, which cannot be here treated of, but which will be in future papers. Meanwhile, Theosophists can exercise their intuition in respect to it. (ED. PATH.)

as far as can now be understood, that the mystic must get at all truths through but one source, or path, viz: through the divine world pertaining to his own lodge (or teacher), and through this path he might soar as high as he can, though how much knowledge he can get is an open question.

Let us now inquire what state is the seership of the author of our poem "The Seer," and try to discover the "hare's horns" in it. Later on we may try to peep into the states of Swedenborg, P. B. Randolph, and a few of the "trained, untrained, natural-born, self-taught, crystal, and magic mirror seers."

I look at this poem solely to point out mistakes so as to obtain materials for our study. There are beauties and truths in it which all can enjoy.

In ancient days it was all very well for mystics to write figuratively so as to keep sacred things from the profane. Then symbolism was rife in the air with mysticism, and all the allegories were understood at once by those for whom they were intended. But times have changed. In this materialistic age it is known that the wildest misconceptions exist in the minds of many who are mystically and spiritually inclined. The generality of mystics and their followers are not free from the superstitions and prejudices which have in church and science their counterpart. Therefore in my humble opinion there can be no justification for writing allegorically on mysticism, and, by publication, placing such writings within reach of all. To do so is positively mischievous. If allegorical writings and misleading novels are intended to popularize mysticism by removing existing prejudices, then the writers ought to express their motives. It is an open question whether the benefit resulting from such popularization is not more than counterbalanced by the injury worked to helpless votaries of mysticism, who are misled. And there is less justification for our present allegorical writers than there was for those of Lytton's time. Moreover, in the present quarter of our century, veils are thrown by symbolical or misleading utterances over much that can be safely given out in plain words. With these general remarks let us turn to "The Seer."

In the Invocation, addressed evidently to the Seer's guru,[1] we find these words:

> "When in delicious dreams I leave this life,
> And in sweet trance unveil its mysteries;
> Give me thy light, thy love, thy truth divine!"

Trance here means only one of the various states known as cataleptic or somnambulic, but certainly neither Turya nor Sushupti. In such a trance state very few of the mysteries of "this life," or even of the state of trance itself, could be unveiled. The so-called Seer can "enjoy" as harmlessly and as uselessly as a boy who idly swims in the lagoon, where he gains no knowledge and may end

[1] *Guru*, a spiritual teacher.

his sport in death. Even so is the one who swims, cuts capers, in the astral light, and becomes lost in something strange which surpasses all his comprehension. The difference between such a Seer and the ordinary sensualist is, that the first indulges both his astral and physical senses to excess, while the latter his physical senses only. These occultists fancy that they have removed their interest from *self,* when in reality they have only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred their interest to the things which concern their larger span of life.[1]

Invoking a Guru's blessings on your own higher nature for the purpose of sustaining you in this trance state, is as blasphemous and reprehensible an act of assisting descent, and conversion of higher into lower energies, as to invoke your Guru to help you in excessive wine drinking; for the astral world is also material. To be able to solve the mysteries of any consciousness whatever, even of the lowest physical, while in trance, is as vain a boast of the hunters for such a state as that of physiologists or mesmerists. While you are in trance state, if you are not ethical enough in your nature, you will be tempted and forced, by your powerful lower elements, to pry into the secrets of your neighbors, and then, on returning to your normal state, to slander them. The surest way to draw down your higher nature into the miry abyss of your physical and astral world, and thus to animalize yourself, is to go into a trance or to aspire for clairvoyance.

"And thou, (Guru) left me looking upward through the veil,
To gaze into thy goal and follow thee!"

These lines are highly presumptuous. It is impossible, even for a very high Hierophant, in *any of his states whatever,* to gaze into his Guru's goal;[2] his subjective consciousness can but *barely* come up to the level of the normal or objective consciousness of his Guru. It is only during the initiation that the initiated sees not only his own immediate goal, but also Nirvana, which of course includes his Guru's goal also; but after the ceremony is over he recollects only his own immediate goal for his next "class," but nothing beyond that.[3] This is what is meant by the God Jehovah saying to Moses: "And I will take away mine hand and Thou shalt see my back, but my face shall not be seen." And in The Rig Veda it is said:[4] "Dark is the path of Thee, who art bright: the light is before Thee."

Mr. Hellon opens his poem with a quotation from *Zanoni:* "Man's first initiation is in trance; in dreams commence all human

[1] Vide *Light on the Path,* Rule 1, note, part I.

[2] There is one exceptional case where the Guru's goal is seen, and then the Guru has to die, for there can be no two *equals.*

[3] There is no contradiction between this and the preceding paragraph where it is said, "To see the Guru's goal is impossible." During the initiation ceremony, there is no separateness between those engaged in it. They all become one whole, and therefore even the High Hierophant, while engaged in an initiation, is no more his separate self, but is only a part of the whole, of which the candidate is also a part, and then, for the time being, having as much power and knowledge as the very highest present. (ED. PATH.)

[4] Rig Veda, IV, VII, 9.

knowledge, in dreams he hovers over measureless space, the first faint bridge between spirit and spirit—this world and the world beyond."

As this is a passage often quoted approvingly, and recognized as containing no misconceptions, I may be permitted to pass a few remarks, first, upon its intrinsic merits, and secondly, on Lytton himself and his Zanoni. I shall not speak of the rage which prevails among mystical writers for quoting without understanding what they quote.

In *Swapna* state man gets human, unreliable knowledge, while divine knowledge begins to come in Sushupti state. Lytton has here thrown a gilded globule of erroneous ideas to mislead the unworthy and inquisitive mysticism hunters, who unconsciously price the globule. It is not too much to say that such statements in these days, instead of aiding us to discover the true path, but give rise to numberless patent remedies for the evils of life, remedies which can never accomplish a cure. Man-made edifices called true Raja Yoga,[1] evolved in trance, arise confronting each other, conflicting with each other, and out of harmony in themselves. Then not only endless disputation arises, but also bigotry, while the devoted and innocent seekers after truth are misled, and scientific, intelligent, competent men are scared away from any attempt to examine the claims of the true science. As soon as some one sided objective truth is discovered by a Mesmer, a defender of ancient Yoga Vidya[2] blows a trumpet crying out, "Yoga is self mesmerization, mesmerism is the *key* to it, and animal magnetism develops spirituality and is itself spirit, God, Atman," deluding himself with the idea that he is assisting humanity and the cause of truth, unconscious of the fact that he is thus only degrading Yoga Vidya. The ignorant medium contends that her "control" is divine. There seems to be little difference between the claims of these two classes of dupes and the materialist who sets up a protoplasm in the place of God. Among the innumerable hosts of desecrated terms are *Trance, Yoga, Turya, initiation,* &c. It is therefore no wonder that Lytton, in a novel, has desecrated it and misapplied it to a mere semi-cataleptic state. I, for one, prefer always to limit the term *Initiation* to its true sense, viz., those sacred ceremonies in which alone "Isis is unveiled."

Man's first initiation is *not* in trance, as Lytton means. Trance is an artificial, waking, somnambulistic state, in which one can learn nothing at all about the real nature of the elements of our physical consciousness, and much less any of any other. None of Lytton's admirers seems to have thought that he was chaffing at occultism, although he believed in it, and was not anxious to throw the pearls before swine. Such a hierophant as Mejnour—not Lytton himself—could not have mistaken the tomfoolery of somnambulism for even the first steps in Raja Yoga. This can be seen

[1] Divine science.
[2] The knowledge of Yoga, which is, "joining with your higher self."

from the way in which Lytton gives out absolutely erroneous ideas about occultism, while at the same time he shows a knowledge which he could not have, did he believe himself in his own chaffing. It is pretty well recognized that he at last failed, after some progress in occultism as a high accepted disciple. His Glyndon might be Lytton, and Glyndon's sister Lady Lytton. The hieroglyphics of a book given him to decipher, and which he brought out as *Zanoni*, must be allegorical. The book is really the master's ideas which the pupil's highest consciousness endeavors to read. But they were only the mere commonplaces of the master's mind. The profane and the cowardly always say that the master descends to the plane of the pupil. Such can never happen. And precipitation of messages from the master is only possible when the pupil's highest ethical and intuitive faculties reach the level of the master's normal and objective state. In *Zanoni*, this is veiled by the assertion that he had to *read* the hieroglyphics—they did not *speak* to him. And he confesses in the preface that he is by no means sure that he has correctly deciphered them. "Enthusiasm," he says, "is when that part of the soul which is above intellect soars up to the Gods, and there derives the inspiration." Errors will therefore be due to wilful misstatements or to his difficulty in reading the cipher.

"In dreams I see a world so fair,
That life would love to linger there,
And pass from this to that bright sphere,
In dreams ecstatic, pure and free,
Strange forms my inward senses see,
While hands mysterious welcome me."

Such indefinite descriptions are worse than useless. The inward senses are psychic senses, and their perceiving strange forms and mere appearances in the astral world is not useful or instructive. Forms and appearances in the astral light are legion, and take their shape not only from the seer's mind unknown to himself, but are also, in many cases, reflections for other people's minds.

"Oh, why should mine be ever less,
And light ineffable bless
Thee, in thy starry loneliness,"

seems to be utterly unethical. Here the seer is in the first place jealous of the light possessed by his guru, or he is grasping in the dark, ignorant even of the *rationale* of himself being in lower states than his guru. However, Mr. Hellon has not erred about the existence of such a feeling. It does and should exist in the trance and dreaming state. In our ordinary waking state, attachments, desires, &c., are the very life of our physical senses, and in the same way the emotional energies manifest themselves on the astral plane in order to feed and fatten the seer's astral senses, sustaining them during his trance state. Unless thus animated, his astral nature would come to rest.

No proof is therefore needed for the proposition that any state which is sustained by desires and passions cannot be regarded as anything more than as a means for developing one part of the animal nature. Van Helmont is of the same opinion as Mr. Hellon.* We cannot, therefore, for a moment believe that in such a state the "I" of that state is Atman.[1] It is only the false "I"; the vehicle for the real one. It is *Ahankára*—lower self, or individuality of the waking state, for even in trance state the lower sixth principle plays no greater part and develops no more than in the wakeful state. The change is only in the field of action, from the waking one to the astral plane; the physical one remaining more or less at rest. Were it otherwise, we would find somnambules day by day exhibiting increase of intellect, whereas this does not occur.

Suppose that we induce the trance state in an illiterate man. He can then read from the astral counterpart of Herbert Spencer or Patanjali's books as many pages as we desire, or even the unpublished ideas of Spencer; but he can never make a comparison between the two systems, unless that has already been done by some other mind in no matter what language. Nor can any somnambule analyze and describe the complicated machinery of the astral faculties, much less of the emotional ones, or of the fifth principle. For in order to be analyzed they must be at rest so that the higher self may carry on the analysis. So when Mr. Hellon says:

"A trance steals o'er my spirit now,"

he is undoubtedly wrong, as Atman, or spirit, cannot go into a trance. When a lower plane energy ascends to a higher plane, it becomes silent there for a while until by contract with the denizens of its new home its powers are animated. The somnambulic state has two conditions, (a) waking, which is psycho-physiological or astro-physical; (b) sleeping, which is psychical. In these two the trance steals partly or completely only over the physical consciousness and senses.

"And from my forehead peers the sight," etc.

This, with much that follows is pure imagination or misconception. As for instance, "floating from sphere to sphere." In this state the seer is confined to but one sphere—the astral or psycho-physiological—; no higher one can he even comprehend.

Speaking of the period when the sixth sense shall be developed, he says:

"No mystery then her sons shall find,
Within the compass of mankind;
The one shall read the other's mind."

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* See *Zanoni*, Book IV, c. iii.
[1] Highest soul.

In this the seer shows even a want of theoretical knowledge of the period spoken of. He has madly rushed into the astral world without a knowledge of the philosophy of the mystics. Even though the twelfth sense were developed—let alone the physical sixth—it shall ever remain as difficult as it is now, for people to read one another's mind. Such is the mystery of Manas.[1] He is evidently deluded by seeing the apparent triumphs during a transitional period of a race's mental development, of those minds abnormally developed which are able to look into the minds of others; and yet they do that only partially. If one with a highly developed sixth principle were to indulge for only six times in reading others' minds, he would surely drain that development down to fatten the mind and desires. Moreover, Mr. Hellon's seer seems to be totally unaware of the fact that the object of developing higher faculties is not to peer into the minds of others, and that the economy of the occult world gives an important privilege to the mystic, in that the pages of his life and *manas* shall be carefully locked up against inquisitive prowlers, the key safely deposited with his guru, who never lends it to any one else. If with the occult world the laws of nature are so strict, how much more should they be with people in general. Otherwise, nothing would be safe. The sixth sense would then be as delusive and a curse to the ignorant as sight and learning are now. Nor shall this sixth sense man be "perfect." Truth for him shall be as difficult to attain through his "sense," as it is now. The horizon shall have only widened, and what we are now acquiring as truth will have passed into history, into literature, into axiom. "Sense" is always nothing else than a channel for desire to flow through and torment ourselves and others.

The whole poem is misleading, especially such expressions as: "His spirit views the world's turmoil; behold his body feed the soil.—A sixth sense race borne ages since, to God's own zone." Our higher self—Atman—can never "view the world's turmoil," nor behold the body. For supposing that it did view the body or the world's turmoil, it would be attracted to them, descending to the physical plane, where it would be converted more or less into physical nature. And the elevation of a sixth sense race unphilosophically supposes the raising up of that sense, which certainly has only to do with our physical nature, at most our astro-physical nature, to the sphere of God or Atman.

By merely training the psychical powers true progress is not gained, but only the enjoyment of those powers; a sort of alcohol on the astral plane, which results in unfavorable Karma. The true path to divine wisdom is in performing our duty unselfishly in the station in which we are placed, for thereby we convert lower nature into higher, following Dharma—our whole duty.

MURDHNA JOTI.

[1] Fifth principle.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS*

Will you or any of your readers enlighten me on the following points:—

1. What is a Yogi?
2. Can he be classed with a Mahatma?
3. Can Visvamitra, Valmika, Vasistha and other Rishis be classed with the Yogis and the Mahatmas?
4. Or with the Mahatmas only?
5. Or with the Yogis only?
6. Did the Yogis know Occult Science?
7. Is vegetarianism necessary for the study and development of Occult Science?
8. Did our Rishis know Occult sciences?

By throwing some light on the above questions you will oblige,

Yours truly,

H. N. VAKIL.

Bombay, 30*th April* 1883
161, Malabar Hill.

WE REPLY.

1. A Yogi in India is a very elastic word. It now serves generally to designate a very dirty, dung-covered and naked individual, who never cuts nor combs his hair, covers himself from forehead to heels with wet ashes, performs *Pranayam*, without realizing its true meaning, and lives upon alms. It is only occasionally that the name is applied to one who is worthy of the appellation. The real meaning however, of the word when analysed etymologically, will show that its root is "yug"—*to join*—and thus will yield its real significance. A real Yogi is a person who, having entirely divorced himself from the world, its attractions and pleasures, has succeeded after a more or less long period of training, to re-unite his soul with the "Universal Soul" or to "join" with Parabrahm. If by the word "Yogi" our correspondent means the latter individual, viz., one who has linked his 7th and 6th principles or Atman and Boddhi and placed thereby his lower principles or Manas (the animal soul and the *personal* ego) *en rapport* with the Universal Principle, then—

2. He may be classed with the Mahatmas, since this word means simply a "great soul." Therefore query—3—is an idle question to make. The Rishis—at any rate those who can be proved to have actually lived (since many of those who are men-

* This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for June, 1883

tioned under the above designation are more or less mythical) were of course "Mahatmas," in the broad sense of the word. The three Rishis named by our questioner were historical personages and were very high adepts entitled to be called Mahatmas.

4. They may be *Mahatmas* (whenever worthy of the appellation), and whether married or celibates, while they can be called—

5. "Yogis"—only when remaining single, viz., after devoting their lives to religious contemplation, asceticism and—celibacy.

6. Theoretically every *real* Yogi knows more or less the Occult sciences; that is to say, he must understand the secret and symbolical meaning of every prescribed rite, as the correct significance of the allegories contained in the *Vedas* and other sacred books. Practically, now-a-days very few, if any, of those Yogis whom one meets with occasionally are familiar with occultism. It depends upon their degree of intellectual development and religious bigotry. A very saintly, sincere, yet ignorantly pious ascetic, who has not penetrated far beyond the husks of his philosophical doctrine would tell you that no one in *Kali-Yug* is permitted to become a *practical* occultist; while an initiated Yogi has to be an occultist; at any rate, he has to be sufficiently powerful to produce all the *minor* phenomena (the ignorant would still call even such *minor* manifestation—"miracles") of adeptship. The real Yogis, the heirs to the wisdom of the Aryan Rishis, are not to be met, however, in the world mixing with the profane and allowing themselves to be known as Yogis. Happy are they to whom the whole world is open, and who know it from their inaccessible *ashrums;* while the world (with the exception of a very few) knowing them not, denies their very existence. But, it really is not a matter of great concern with them whether people at large believe in, or even know of them.

7. The exposition of "Occultism" in these columns has been clear enough to show that it is the Science by the study and practice of which the student can become a MAHATMA. The articles "The Elixir of Life" and the *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy* are clear enough on this point. They also explain scientifically the necessity of being a vegetarian for the purposes of psychic development. Read and study, and you will find why Vegetarianism, Celibacy, and especially total abstinence from wine and spirituous drink are strictly necessary for "the development of Occult knowledge"—see "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy," No. 2. Question 8th being unnecessary in view of the aforesaid, we close the explanation.

PERSIAN ZOROASTRIANISM AND RUSSIAN VANDALISM*

By H. P. Blavatsky.

FEW persons are capable of appreciating the truly beautiful and esthetic; fewer still of revering those monumental relics of bygone ages, which prove that even in the remotest epochs mankind worshipped a Supreme Power, and people were moved to express their abstract conceptions in works which should defy the ravages of Time. The Vandals—whether Slavic Wends, or some barbarous nation of Germanic race—came at all events from the North. A recent occurrence is calculated to make us regret that Justinian did not destroy them all; for it appears that there are still in the North worthy scions left of those terrible destroyers of monuments of arts and sciences, in the persons of certain Russian merchants who have just perpetrated an act of inexcusable vandalism. According to the late Russian papers, the Moscow arch-millionaire, Kokoref, with his Tiflis partner the American Croesus, Mirzoef, is desecrating and apparently about to totally destroy perhaps the oldest relic in the world of Zoroastrianism—the "Attesh-Gag" of Baku.[1]

Few foreigners, and perhaps as few Russians, know anything of this venerable sanctuary of the Fire-worshippers around the Caspian Sea. About twenty versts from the small town of Baku in the valley of Absharon in Russian Georgia, and among the barren, desolated steppes of the shores of the Caspian, there stands —alas! rather stood, but a few months ago—a strange structure, something between a mediæval Cathedral and a fortified castle. It was built in unknown ages, and by builders as unknown. Over an area of somewhat more than a square mile, a tract known as the "Fiery Field," upon which the structure stands, if one but digs from two to three inches into the sandy earth, and applies a lighted match, a jet of fire will stream up, as if from a spout.[2] The "Guebre Temple," as the building is sometimes termed, is carved out of one solid rock. It comprises an enormous square enclosed by crenelated walls, and at the centre of the square, a high tower also rectangular resting upon four gigantic pillars. The latter were pierced vertically down to the bed-rock and the cavities were continued up to the battlements where they opened out into the atmosphere; thus forming continuous tubes through which the inflammable gas stored up in the heart of the mother rock were conducted to the top of the tower. This tower has been for centuries a shrine of the fire-worshippers and bears the symbolical representation of the trident—called *teersoot*. All around the interior face of the

*This article was printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for October, 1879.

[1] Attesh-Kudda also.

[2] A bluish flame is seen to arise there, but this fire does not consume, "and if a person finds himself in the middle of it, he is not sensible of any warmth."—See Kinneir's *Persia*, page 35.

external wall, are excavated the cells, about twenty in number, which served as habitations for past generations of Zoroastrian recluses. Under the supervision of a High Mobed here, in the silence of their isolated cloisters, they studied the Avesta, the Vendidad, the Yaçna—especially the latter, it seems, as the rocky walls of the cells are inscribed with a greater number of quotations from the sacred songs. Under the tower-altar, three huge bells were hung. A legend says that they were miraculously produced by a holy traveller, in the tenth century during the Mussulman persecution, to warn the faithful of the approach of the enemy. But a few weeks ago, and the tall tower-altar was yet ablaze with the same flame that local tradition affirms had been kindled thirty centuries ago. At the horizontal orifices in the four hollow pillars burned four perpetual fires, fed uninterruptedly from the inexhaustible subterranean reservoir. From every merlon on the walls, as well as from every embrasure flashed forth a radiant light, like so many tongues of fire; and even the large porch overhanging the main entrance was encircled by a garland of fiery stars, the lambent lights shooting forth from smaller and narrower orifices. It was amid these impressive surroundings, that the Guebre recluses used to send up their daily prayers, meeting under the open tower-altar; every face reverentially turned toward the setting sun, as they united their voices in a parting evening hymn. And as the luminary—the "Eye of Ahura-mazda"—sank lower and lower down the horizon, their voices grew lower and softer, until the chant sounded like a plaintive and subdued murmur. . . . A last flash—and the sun is gone; and, as darkness follows daylight almost suddenly in these regions, the departure of the Deity's symbol was the signal for a general illumination, unrivalled even by the greatest fireworks at regal festivals. The whole field seemed nightly like one blazing prairie. . . .

Till about 1840, "Attesh-Gag" was the chief rendezvous for all the Fire-worshippers of Persia. Thousands of pilgrims came and went; for no true Guebre could die happy unless he had performed the sacred pilgrimage at least once during his life-time. A traveller—Koch—who visited the cloister about that time, found in it but five Zoroastrians, with their pupils. In 1878, about fourteen months ago, a lady of Tiflis, who visited the Attesh-Gag, mentioned in a private letter that she found there but one solitary hermit, who emerges from his cell but to meet the rising and salute the departing sun. And now, hardly a year later, we find in the papers that Messrs. Kokoref and Co., are busy erecting on the Fiery Field enormous buildings for the refining of petroleum! All the cells but the one occupied by the poor old hermit, half ruined and dirty beyond all expression, are inhabited by the firm's workmen; the aitar over which blazed the sacred flame, is now piled high with rubbish, mortar and mud, and the flame itself turned off in another direction. The bells are now, during the periodical visits of a Russian priest, taken down and suspended in the porch of the superintend-

ent's house; heathen relics being as usual used—though abused—by the religion which supplants the previous worship. And, all looks like the abomination of desolation. . . . "It is a matter of surprise to me," writes a Baku correspondent in the *St. Petersburg Vjedomosti*, who was the first to send the unwelcome news, "that the trident, the sacred *teersoot* itself, has not as yet been put to some appropriate use in the new firm's kitchen. . . ! Is it then so absolutely necessary that the millionaire Kokoref should desecrate the Zoroastrian cloister, which occupies such a trifling compound in comparison to the space allotted to his manufactories and stores? And shall such a remarkable relic of antiquity be sacrificed to commercial greediness which can after all neither lose nor gain one single rouble by destroying it?"

It must apparently, since Messrs. Kokoref and Co., have leased the whole field from the Government, and the latter seems to feel quite indifferent over this idiotic and useless Vandalism. It is now more than twenty years since the writer visited for the last time Attesh-Gag. In those days besides a small group of recluses it had the visits of many pilgrims. And since it is more than likely that ten years hence, people will hear no more of it, I may just as well give a few more details of its history. Our Parsee friends will, I am sure, feel an interest in a few legends gathered by me on the spot.

There seems to be indeed a veil drawn over the origin of Attesh-Gag. Historical data are scarce and contradictory. With the exception of some old Armenian Chronicles which mention it incidentally as having existed before Christianity was brought into the country by Saint Nina during the third century,* there is no other mention of it anywhere else so far as I know.

Tradition informs us,—how far correctly is not for me to decide—that long before Zarathustra, the people, who now are called

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*Though St. Nina appeared in Georgia in the third, it is not before the fifth century that the idolatrous *Grouzines* were converted to Christianity by the thirteen Syrian Fathers. They came under the leadership of both St. Anthony and St. John of Zedadzene, —so called, because he is alleged to have travelled to the Caucasian regions on purpose to fight and conquer the chief idol *Zeda!* And thus, while,—as incontrovertible proof of the existence of both,—the opulent tresses of the black hair of St. Nina are being preserved to this day as relics, in Zion Cathedral at Tiflis—the thaumaturgic John has immortalized his name still more. *Zeda*, who was the Baal of the Trans-Caucasus, had children sacrificed to him, as the legend tells us, on the top of the Zedadzene mount, about 18 versts from Tiflis. It is there that the Saint defied the idol, or rather Satan under the guise of a stone statue—to single combat, and *miraculously* conquered him; *i. e.*, threw down, and trampled upon the idol. But he did not stop there in the exhibition of his powers. The mountain peak is of an immense height, and being only a barren rock at its top, spring water is nowhere to be found on its summit. But in commemoration of his triumph, the Saint had a spring appear at the very bottom of the deep, and—as people assert—a fathomless well, dug down into the very bowels of the mountain, and the gaping mouth of which was situated near the altar of the god Zeda, just in the centre of his temple. It was into this opening that the limbs of the murdered infants were cast down after the sacrifice. The miraculous spring, however, was soon dried up, and for many centuries there appeared no water. But, when Christianity was firmly established, the water began re-appearing on the 7th day of every May, and continues to do so till the present time. Strange to say, this fact does not pertain to the domain of legend, but is one that has provoked an intense curiosity even among men of science, such as the eminent geologist, Dr. Abich, who resided for years at Tiflis. Thousands upon thousands proceed yearly upon pilgrimage to Zedadzene on the seventh of May; and all witness the "miracle." From early morning, water is heard bubbling down at the rocky bottom of the well; and, as noon approaches, the parched-up walls of the mouth become moist, and clear cold sparkling water seems to come out from every porosity of the rock;

in contempt, by the Mussulmans and Christians, "Guebres," and, who term themselves "Behedin" (followers of the true faith) recognized Mithra, the Mediator, as their sole and highest God,—who included within himself all the good as well as the bad gods. Mithra representing the two natures of Ormazd and Ahriman combined, the people *feared* him, whereas, they would have had no need of fearing, but only of loving and reverencing him as Ahura-Mazda, were Mithra without the Ahriman element in him.

One day as the god, disguised as a shepherd, was wandering about the earth, he came to Baku, then a dreary, deserted seashore, and found an old devotee of his quarrelling with his wife. Upon this barren spot wood was scarce, and she would not give up a certain portion of her stock of cooking fuel to be burned upon the altar. So the Ahriman element was aroused in the god and, striking the stingy old woman, he changed her into a gigantic rock. Then, the Ahura-Mazda element prevailing, he, to console the bereaved widower, promised that neither he, nor his descendants, should ever need fuel any more, for he would provide such a supply as should last till the end of time. So he struck the rock again and then struck the ground for miles around, and the earth and the calcareous soil of the Caspian shores were filled up to the brim with naphtha. To commemorate the happy event, the old devotee assembled all the youths of the neighbourhood and set himself to excavating the rock—which was all that remained of his ex-wife. He cut the battlemented walls, and fashioned the altar and the four pillars, hollowing them all to allow the gases to rise up and escape through the top of the merlons. The god Mithra upon seeing the work ended, sent a lightning flash, which set ablaze the fire upon the altar, and lit up every merlon upon the walls. Then, in order that it should burn the brighter, he called forth the four winds and ordered them to blow the flame in every direction. To this day, Baku is known under its primitive name of "Baadéy-kubá," which means literally the gathering of winds.

The other legend, which is but a continuation of the above, runs thus: For countless ages, the devotees of Mithra worshipped at his shrines, until Zarathustra, descending from heaven in the shape of a "Golden Star," transformed himself into a man, and began teaching a new doctrine. He sung the praises of the One but Triple god,—the supreme Eternal, the incomprehensible essence "Zervana-Akerene," which emanating from itself "Primeval Light,"

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it rises higher and higher, bubbles, increases, until at last having reached to the very brim, it suddenly stops, and a prolonged shout of triumphant joy bursts from the fanatical crowd. This cry seems to shake like a sudden discharge of artillery the very depths of the mountain and awaken the echo for miles around. Every one hurries to fill a vessel with the miraculous water. There are necks wrung and heads broken on that day at Zedadzene, but every one who survives carries home a provision of the crystal fluid. Toward evening the water begins decreasing as mysteriously as it had appeared, and at midnight the well is again perfectly dry. Not a drop of water, nor a trace of any spring, could be found by the engineers and geologists bent upon discovering the "trick." For a whole year, the sanctuary remains deserted, and there is not even a janitor to watch the poor shrine. The geologists have declared that the soil of the mountain precludes the possibility of having springs concealed in it. Who will explain the puzzle?

the latter in its turn produced Ahura-Mazda. But this process required that the "Primeval One" should previously absorb in itself all the light from the fiery Mithra, and thus left the poor god despoiled of all his brightness. Losing his right of undivided supremacy, Mithra, in despair, and instigated by his Ahrimanian nature, annihilated himself for the time being, leaving Ahriman alone, to fight out his quarrel with Ormazd, the best way he could. Hence, the prevailing Duality in nature since that time until Mithra returns; for he promised to his faithful devotees to come back some day. Only since then, a series of calamities fell upon the Fire-worshippers. The last of these was the invasion of their country by the Moslems in the 7th century, when these fanatics commenced most cruel persecutions against the Behedin. Driven away from every quarter, the Guebres found refuge but in the province of Kerman, and in the city of Yezd. Then followed heresies. Many of the Zoroastrians abandoning the faith of their forefathers, became Moslems; others, in their unquenchable hatred for the new rulers, joined the ferocious Koords and became devil, as well as fire-worshippers. These are the Yezids. The whole religion of these strange sectarians,—with the exception of a few who have more weird rites, which are a secret to all but to themselves—consists in the following. As soon as the morning sun appears, they place their two thumbs crosswise one upon the other, kiss the symbol, and touch with them their brow in reverential silence. Then they salute the sun and turn back into their tents. They believe in the power of the Devil, dread it, and propitiate the "fallen angel" by every means; getting very angry whenever they hear him spoken of disrespectfully by either a Mussulman or a Christian. Murders have been committed by them on account of such irreverent talk, but people have become more prudent of late.

With the exception of the Bombay community of Parsees, Fire-worshippers are, then, to be found but in the two places before mentioned, and scattered around Baku. In Persia some years ago, according to statistics they numbered about 100,000 men;* I doubt, though, whether their religion has been preserved as pure as even that of the Gujaráthi Parsees, adulterated as is the latter by the errors and carelessness of generations of uneducated Mobeds. And yet, as is the case of their Bombay brethren, who are considered by all the travellers as well as Anglo-Indians, as the most intelligent, industrious and well-behaved community of the native races, the fire-worshippers of Kerman and Yezd bear a very high character among the Persians, as well as among the Russians

*Mr. Grattan Geary in his recent highly valuable and interesting work "Through Asiatic Turkey" (London, Sampson Law & Co.) remarks of the Guebres of Yezd "it is said that there are only 5,000 of them all told." But as his information was gleaned while travelling rapidly through the country, he was apparently misinformed in this instance. Perhaps, it was meant to convey the idea to him that there were but 5,000 in and about Yezd at the time of his visit. It is the habit of this people to scatter themselves all over the country in the commencement of the summer season in search of work.

of Baku. Uncouth and crafty some of them have become, owing to long centuries of persecution and spoliation; but the unanimous testimony is in their favour and they are spoken of as a virtuous, highly moral, and industrious population. "As good as the word of a Guebre" is a common saying among the Koords, who repeat it without being in the least conscious of the self-condemnation contained in it.

I cannot close without expressing my astonishment at the utter ignorance as to their religions, which seems to prevail in Russia even among the journalists. One of them speaks of the Guebres, in the article of the *St. Petersburg Vjedemosti* above referred to, as a sect of Hindu idolaters, in whose prayers the name of Brahma is constantly invoked. To add to the importance of this historical item Alexandre Dumas (senior) is quoted, as mentioning in his work *Travels in the Caucasus* that during his visit to Attesh-Gag, he found in one of the cells of the Zoroastrian cloister "two Hindu idols"!! Without forgetting the charitable dictum: *De mortuus nil nisi bonum,* we cannot refrain from reminding the correspondent of our esteemed contemporary of a fact which no reader of the novels of the brilliant French writer ought to be ignorant of; namely, that for the variety and inexhaustible stock of *historical facts,* evolved out of the abysmal depths of his own consciousness, even the immortal Baron Münchausen was hardly his equal. The sensational narrative of his tiger-hunting in Mingrelia, where, since the days of Noah, there never was a tiger, is yet fresh in the memory of his readers.

FROM THE SECRET DOCTRINE*

Between man and the animal—whose Monads, or Jivas, are fundamentally identical—there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its higher aspect, whence comes it, if it be not a portion of the essence—and, in some rare cases of incarnation, the *very essence*—of a higher Being; one from a higher and divine plane? Can man—a God in the animal form—be the product of Material Nature by evolution alone, even as is the animal, which differs from man in external shape, but by no means in the materials of its physical fabric, and is informed by the same, though undeveloped Monad—seeing that the intellectual potentialities of the two differ as the sun does from the glow-worm? And what is it that creates such difference, unless man is an animal *plus a living God* within his physical shell? Let us pause and ask ourselves seriously the question, regardless of the vagaries and sophisms of both the materialistic and the psychological modern Sciences.

*Vol. II, p. 81, original Edition; p. 85 new Edition.

AROUND THE TABLE

A FEW days after the Doctor received notice of the refusal of his proffered hospital service in France, the Family's journey home from the mountain camp was an accomplished fact; and in a few days more the Family life was flowing in its accustomed workaday channels.

The Doctor has two personal tendencies which are at once enjoyed and deprecated by the other members of the Family—for, strangely enough, it is often our purely personal idiosyncracies that seem to make us tolerable to our intimates, however much more homogeneous we might be without them. The Doctor makes strenuous efforts to improve, and great improvement is in evidence in his daily relations with his fellows. But still his two tendencies persist to some extent. He will no longer be "the Doctor," Mentor says, but someone far deeper and finer, when he at last eradicates his "precious pair", and the real man within can *steadily* shine through his "Doctor" mask.

One of these tendencies is toward a surface irritation, a sort of rumbling gustiness when matters do not move quite to suit him. The Family merely laughs at this when it occasionally shows itself. The Doctor now laughs too—evidence in itself of the change that has taken place in his control, and of the breaking of a vicious habit. For a tendency to irritation is a habit, and nothing more; and can be broken by the one who acquired it—merely by "tying" a habit of self-control to the old habit of giving way, as one can tie a new piece of string to an old piece, a string that is cleaner and of a fairer color.

The Doctor's second tendency, or fault, and a far more serious one, is to "bottle up", as Mentor calls it, when some person hurts or injures him, or when some event in the round of life places a real barrier in the way the Doctor thinks he wants to go. Then our Friend turns preternaturally quiet—unusually courteous even for a man whose every movement shows high breeding—but very silent and uncommunicative, more particularly in relation to the matter that has caused the stress. Sometimes hours only, and sometimes days elapse, before the Doctor is his usual self again. The Family respects these periods, and gives him a chance to "fight it out for himself," as Mentor calls the process. These periods are growing less and less frequent, as the Doctor applies Theosophy to daily life; but the curt refusal of his proffer of hospital service brought one on. And the Family was two weeks at home before the Doctor suddenly "unbottled" one evening. The fact that he voluntarily began to talk and to ask questions about his trouble, contrary to custom, is evidence that he is breaking his tendency and will have it completely conquered in the course of time.

The Family had finished dinner but was still at table. Mother was talking with Student over the furnishing of the latter's study room at the college dormitory. Mentor and Spinster were discussing the "Children's School of Theosophy", just starting its season's work. Big Brother is in an army training camp, of course, and his side of the table looks rather empty these days. The Doctor sat regarding this vacancy with unseeing eyes for a few moments; then his face took on a certain resolution and, lifting his eyes and encountering Mentor's friendly glance, he suddenly remarked:

"That notice hit me pretty hard, Mentor. Let's philosophize it out and see where I'm to blame. What do you say?"

Mentor's face fairly shone with sympathy, and a recognition of what the Doctor had gone through—to determine to uncover and dissect the trouble he was holding to himself, and to break a tendency so long established. "I say *fine,* Doctor", he answered, "let's get to work."

Mother and Student were just rising from the table when Doctor spoke, so they adjourned their discussion of rugs and pictures to the living room. Spinster, sensing the quality of the moment, motioned away the maid who was entering to clear the dining table. The "Triumvirate", as they are sometimes called, was thus left alone "around the table"—Mentor, Spinster and the Doctor. And in twenty minutes the problem of our old friend was a problem no longer, and a light had been cast upon his difficulty that will illuminate many another in the years to come.

"Well, what was basically wrong with my action in volunteering, Mentor," asked Doctor. "If Law rules in every thing and every circumstance, there must have been a lack of discrimination in my action—to have it bring such a humiliating result," he added ruefully.

"There was—of course, must have been," answered Mentor smiling. "But cheer up, Doctor, and try to get the relativity of things. No world, not even *your* world, is coming to an end because you're not going to France. Now that events have determined the result, what difference does it make whether you like it or not"?

The Doctor looked at Mentor and then at Spinster, a trifle uncertain whether or not to take offense. Then the humorous aspect of himself acting like a sulky little boy, and the self-importance his position had implied, came home to him. The "Triumvirate" laughed like one person. Explanations and applications then began to come out.

"Your action in volunteering was perfectly logical from the basis of thinking you had taken, Doctor," said Mentor. "The fault was with the basis, that is all."

The Doctor looked perplexed. "But isn't patriotism a sound basis, Mentor?" he asked. "That's all I felt—it really is. Cer-

tainly there was no self-seeking in the decision to give up all this," looking around the luxurious room, "to serve in a French hospital."

"Yes, patriotism is a sound basis, so far as it goes," answered Mentor. "But that wasn't the basis of your action at all, my friend. No, it wasn't," he added, holding up his hand as Doctor started to interrupt. "I know you are sincere in thinking it was. But what was the *reason behind* all this show of patriotism, or love of humanity, which came to the surface so suddenly, and so aggressively? If you can discover that, you will get the *real* basis of your action, and find in it, doubtless, why you were refused—and yes, why you felt humiliated, Doctor, for the effect must be bound up in the cause."

Doctor looked thoughtful, went off into a brown study for a few minutes, digging his motives out mentally and inspecting them as he laid them bare. Mentor looked at Spinster with a twinkle in his eye. That young lady retained a sober face, though her own eyes danced delightedly.

At last the Doctor looked up, swallowed once or twice, and then shamefacedly remarked, "Well lots of the other Doctors were doing it, or talking about it"!

Then the "Triumvirate" laughed together again.

"It was like this, Doctor," Mentor began. "A whole lot of people declared it the duty of the profession to volunteer their services for the war. Many doctors agreed to this, and some began to volunteer. Your big warm heart got fired up and ran away with your head in consequence. 'I ought to be willing to sacrifice like anybody else', you reasoned. In that idea you were right; but in the method you were quite wrong. You just 'followed my leader' like the traditional sheep, never thinking of your age, physical ability, or the fitness of things. And so you got your reaction—in the refusal, and your own humiliation—that's the whole story, as I see it."

Doctor nodded vigorously. "No fool like an old fool," he snorted, returning for the first time in weeks to his own natural manner.

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," laughed Mentor merrily. "But here is the lesson—for the forty-'leventh time—at least it seems to me we've had it repeated among ourselves any number of times:

> "Our duty is not what other people think we ought to do.
>
> "Our duty is what *we* ourselves plainly see we ought to do.
>
> "Do that.
>
> " 'The duty of another is full of danger.' "

"But how about this girl," said Doctor suddenly, turning to Spinster. "Why did *she* volunteer to go to France?"

Doctor rose from the table as he spoke, as if he now sensed something for the first time. He walked over to Spinster, putting his delicate, beautifully formed hand on her shoulder, and then, as he spoke, tenderly patting her smiling face.

"Did *you* get mixed in your motives too, Spinster dear—or did you want to go along and take care of your silly old Father"?

* * * * * * * *

"Come, Children, are you going to sit out there all evening?" came Mother's voice from the living room. "Anna wants to go out this evening; you must let her clear away now."

"On our way, Mother," answered Doctor, somewhat huskily, but cheerfully for all that. "Better than going to France anyway!" he added, in Spinster's ear, as the "Triumvirate" arm in arm, marched out through the folding doors.

THE MISSING LINK*

A GOOD many of the Western papers are terribly excited over a bit of news just arrived in Europe from Sangoon. The most radical and freethinking of them crow over the fact as well they may in the interest of truth—as though the thickest, and hitherto most impenetrable of the veils covering Mother Nature's doings had been removed for ever, and anthropology had no more secrets to learn. The excitement is due to a little monster, a seven-year old boy, now on exhibition at Sangoon. The child is a native of Cambodia, quite robust and healthy, yet exhibiting in his anatomy the most precious and rare of physical endowments—a real tail, ten inches long and 1½ thick at its root!

This original little sample of humanity—*unique*, we believe, of his kind—is now made out by the disciples of Darwin and Haeckel to be the *bona* (*bony*) *fide* Missing Link. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that the evolutionists (whose colours we certainly wear) are right in their hypothesis, and that the cherished theory of having baboons for our ancestors turns out true. Will *every* difficulty in our way be then removed? By no means: for, then, more than ever will we have to try to solve the hitherto insolvable problem, which comes first, the Man or the Ape? It will be the Aristotelean egg and chicken problem of creation over again. We can never know the truth until some streak of good chance shall enable science to witness at different periods and under various climates either women giving birth to apes, graced with a caudal appendix or female orang-outangs becoming mothers of tailless, and, moreover, *semi-human* children, endowed with a capacity for speech at least as great as that of a moderately clever parrot or mina.

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Science is but a broken reed for us in this respect, for science is just as perplexed, if not more so, than the rest of us, common mortals. So little is it able to enlighten us upon the mystery, that the men of most learning are those who confuse us the most in some respects. As in regard to the heliocentric system, which, after it had been left an undisputed fact more than three centuries, found in the later part of our own a most serious opponent in Dr. Shroepfer, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Berlin, so the Darwinian theory of the evolution of man from an anthropoid, has among its learned opponents one, who, though an evolutionist himself, is eager to oppose Darwin, and seeks to establish a school of his own.

The new "perfectionist" is a professor in the Hungarian town of Fünfkirchen, who is delivering just now a series of lectures throughout Germany. "Man," says he, "whose origin must be placed in the Silurian mud, whence he began evoluting from a frog, must necessarily some day re-evolute into the same animal!" So far well and good. But the explanations going to prove this hypothesis which Professor Charles Deezy accepts as a perfectly established fact, are rather too vague to enable us to build any thing like an impregnable theory upon them. "In the primitive days of the first period of evolution," he tells us, "there lived a huge, frog-like, mammalian animal, inhabiting the seas, but which, being of the amphibious kind, lived likewise on land, breathing in the air as easily as it did in water, its chief habitat, though, was in the salt sea-water. This frog-like creature is now what we call—man (!) and his marine origin is proved by the fact that *he cannot live without salt.*" There are other signs about man, almost as impressive as the above by which this origin can be established, if we may believe this new prophet of science. For instance, "a well-defined remnant of fins, to be seen between his thumbs and fingers, as also his insurmountable tendency towards the element of water": a tendency, we remark *passim,* more noticeable in the Hindu than the Highlander!

No less does the Hungarian scientist set himself against Darwin's theory of man descending from the ape. According to his new teaching, "it is not the anthropoid which begot man, but the latter who is the progenitor of the monkey. The ape is merely a man returned once more to its primitive savage state. Our Professor's views as to geology, and the ultimate destruction of our globe, coupled with his notions regarding the future state of mankind, are no less original and are the very sweetest fruit of his Tree of Scientific Knowledge. Provoking though they do general hilarity, they are nevertheless given out by the "learned" lecturer in quite a serious spirit, and his works are considered among the text-books for colleges. If we have to credit his statement, then we must believe that "the moon is slowly but surely approaching the earth." The result of such an indiscretion on the part of our fair Diana, is to be *most certainly* the following! "The sea waves will, some

day, immerse our globe and gradually submerge all the continents. Then man, unable to live any longer on dry land, will have but to return to his primitive form, *i. e.,* he will rebecome an aquatic animal—a man-frog." And the life-insurance companies will have to shut up their shop and become bankrupts—he might have added. Daring speculators are advised to take their precautions in advance.

Having permitted ourselves this bit of irreverence about Science—those, rather, who abuse their connection with it—we may as well give here some of the more acceptable theories respecting the missing link. These are by no means so scarce as bigots would like to make us believe. Schweinfurth and other great African travellers vouchsafe for the truth of these assertions and believe they have found races which may, after all, be the missing links—between man and ape. Such are the *Akkas* of Africa; those whom Herodotus calls the *Pigmies* (II. 32) and the account of whom—notwithstanding it came from the very pen of the Father of History—was until very recently believed to be erroneous and they themselves myths of a fabled nation. But, since the public has had the most trustworthy narratives of European travellers, we have learned to know better, and no one any longer thinks that Herodotus has confounded in his account men and the cynocephaloid apes of Africa.

We have but to read the description of the orang-outang and of the chimpanzee to find that these animals—all but the hairy surface—answer in nearly every respect to these *Akkas*. They are said to have large cylindrical heads on a thin neck; and a body about four feet high; very long arms, perfectly disproportionate, as they reach far lower than their knees; a chest narrow at the shoulders and widening tremendously toward the stomach which is always enormous; knees thick, and hands of an extraordinary beauty of design, (a characteristic of monkey's hands, which with the exception of their short thumbs have wonderfully neat and slender fingers tapering to the ends, and always prettily shaped finger nails.) The *Akkas'* walk is vacillating which is due to the abnormal size of their stomach, as in the chimpanzee and the orang-outang. Their cranium is large, profoundly depressed at the root of the nose, and surmounted by a contracting forehead sloping directly backward; a projecting mouth with very thin lips, and a beardless chin—or rather no chin at all. The hair on their heads does not grow, and though less noisy than the orang-outang they are enormously so when compared with other men. On account of the long grass which often grows twice their own size in the regions they inhabit, they are said to jump like so many grasshoppers, to make enormous strides, and, to have all the outward motions of big anthropoids.

Some scientists think—this time with pretty good reason—that the Akkas, more even than the Matimbas of which d'Escayrac de Lauture gives such interesting accounts—the Kimosas, and the Bushin, of austral Africa, are all remnants of the *missing link*.

NATURE'S HUMAN MAGNETS*

IF any of us now-a-days ventures to relate some weird experience or seemingly incomprehensible phenomenon, two classes of objectors try to stop his mouth with the same gag. The scientist cries—"I have unravelled all Nature's skein, and the thing is impossible; this is no age for miracles!" The Hindu bigot says —"This is the Kali Yug, the spiritual night-time of humanity; miracles are no longer possible." Thus the one from conceit, the other from ignorance reaches the same conclusion, *viz.*, that nothing that smacks of the supernatural is possible in these latter days. The Hindu, however, believes that miracles did once occur, while the scientist does not. As for the bigoted Christians, this is not a Kali Yug, but—if one might judge by what they say—a golden era of light, in which the splendour of the Gospel is illuminating humanity and pushing it onward towards greater intellectual triumphs. And as they base all their faith upon miracles, they pretend that miracles are being wrought now by God and the Virgin—principally the latter—just as in ancient times. Our own views are well-known—we do not believe a "miracle" ever did occur or ever will; we do believe that strange phenomena, falsely styled miraculous, always did occur, are occurring now, and will to the end of time, that these are natural; and that when this fact filters into the consciousness of materialistic sceptics, science will go at leaps and bounds towards that ultimate *Truth* she has so long been groping after. It is a wearisome and disheartening experience to tell any one about the phenomena of the less familiar side of nature. The smile of incredulity is too often followed by the insulting challenge of one's veracity or the attempted impugnment of one's character. An hundred impossible theories will be broached to escape accepting the only right one. Your brain must have been sur-excited, your nerves are hallucinated, a "glamour", has been cast over you. If the phenomenon has left behind it positive, tangible, undeniable proof then comes the sceptic's last resource—*confederacy*, involving an amount of expenditure, time and trouble totally incommensurate with the result to be hoped for, and despite the absence of the least possible evil motive.

If we lay down the proposition that everything is the result of combined force and matter, science will approve; but when we move on and say that we have seen phenomena and account for them under this very law, this presumptuous science having never seen your phenomenon denies both your premiss and conclusion, and falls to calling you harsh names. So it all comes back to the question of personal credibility as a witness, and the man of science until some happy accident forces the new fact upon his attention, is like the child who screams at the veiled figure he takes for a ghost, but which is only his nurse after all: If we but wait

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with patience we shall see some day a majority of the professors coming over to the side where Hare, De Morgan, Flammarion, Crookes, Wallace, Zöllner, Weber, Wagner, and Butlerof have ranged themselves, and then though "miracles" will be considered as much an absurdity as now, yet occult phenomena will be duly taken inside the domain of exact science and men will be wiser. These circumscribing barriers are being vigorously assaulted just now at St. Petersburg. A young girl-medium is "shocking" all the wiseacres of the University.

For years mediumship seemed to be represented in the Russian metropolis but by American, English and French mediums on flying visits, with great pecuniary pretensions and, except Dr. Slade, the New York medium, with powers already waning. Very naturally the representatives of science found a good pretext to decline. But now all excuses are futile. Not far from Petersburg, in a small hamlet inhabited by three families of German colonists, a few years ago a widow, named Margaret Beetch, took a little girl from the House of Foundlings into her service. The little Pelagueya was liked in the family from the first for her sweet disposition, her hard-working zeal, and her great truthfulness. She found herself exceedingly happy in her new home, and for several years no one ever had a cross word for her. Pelagueya finally became a good-looking lass of seventeen, but her temper never changed. She loved her masters fondly and was beloved in the house. Notwithstanding her good looks and sympathetic person, no village lad ever thought of offering himself as a husband. The young men said she "awed" them. They looked upon her as people look in those regions upon the image of a saint. So at least say the Russian papers and the Police *Gazette* from which we quote the report of the District Police Officer sent to investigate certain facts of *diablerie*. For this innocent young creature has just become the victim of "the weird doings of some incomprehensible, invisible agency," says the report.

November 3, 1880, accompanied by a farm-servant, she descended into the cellar under the house to get some potatoes. Hardly had they opened the heavy door, when they found themselves pelted with the vegetable. Believing some neighbour's boy must have hidden himself on the wide shelf on which the potatoes were heaped, Pelagueya, placing the basket upon her head laughingly remarked, "Whoever you are, fill it with potatoes and so help me!" In an instant the basket was filled to the brim. Then the other girl tried the same, but the potatoes remained motionless. Climbing upon the shelf, to their amazement the girls found no one there. Having notified the widow Beetch of the strange occurrence, the latter went herself, and unlocking the cellar which had been securely locked by the two maids on leaving, found no one concealed in it. This event was but the precursor of a series of others. During a period of three weeks they succeeded each other with such a

rapidity that if we were to translate the entire official Reports it might fill this whole issue of the *Theosophist*. We will cite but a few.

From the moment she left the cellar the invisible "power" which had filled her basket with potatoes, began to assert its presence incessantly, and in the most varied ways. Does Pelagueya Nikolaef prepare to lay wood in the oven—the billets rise in the air and like living things jump upon the fire-place; hardly does she apply a match to them when they blaze already as if fanned by an invisible hand. When she approaches the well, the water begins rising, and soon overflowing the sides of the cistern runs in torrents to her feet; does she happen to pass near a bucket of water—the same thing happens. Hardly does the girl stretch out her hand to reach from the shelf some needed piece of crockery, than the whole of the earthenware, cups, tureens and plates, as if snatched from their places by a whirlwind, begin to jump and tremble, and then fall with a crash at her feet. No sooner does an invalid neighbour place herself for a moment's rest on the girl's bed, than the heavy bedstead is seen levitating towards the very ceiling, then turns upside down and tosses off the impertinent intruder; after which it quietly resumes its former position. One day Pelagueya having gone to the shed to do her usual evening work of feeding the cattle, and after performing her duty was preparing to leave it with two other servants, when the most extraordinary scene took place. All the cows and pigs seemed to become suddenly possessed. The former, frightening the whole village with the most infuriated bellowing, tried to climb up the mangers, while the latter knocked their heads against the walls, running round as if pursued by some wild animal. Pitchforks, shovels, benches and feeding trough, snatching away from their places, pursued the terrified girls, who escaped within an inch of their lives by violently shutting and locking the door of the stables. But, as soon as this was done every noise ceased inside as if by magic.

All such phenomena took place not in darkness or during night, but in the daytime, and in the full view of the inhabitants of the little hamlet; moreover, they were always preceded by an extraordinary noise, as if of a howling wind, a cracking in the walls, and raps in the window-frames and glass. A real panic got hold of the household and the inhabitants of the hamlet, which went on increasing at every new manifestation. A priest was called of course,—as though priests knew anything of magnetism! —but with no good results: a couple of pots danced a jig on the shelf, an oven-fork went stamping and jumping on the floor, and a heavy sewing-machine followed suit. The news about the young witch and her struggle with the invisible imps ran round the whole district. Men and women from neighboring villages flocked to see the marvels. The same phenomena, often intensified, took place in their presence. Once when a crowd of men upon entering, placed

their caps upon the table, every one of these jumped from it to the floor, and a heavy leather glove, circling round struck its owner a pretty sound thump on his face and rejoined the fallen caps. Finally, notwithstanding the real affection the widow Beetch felt for the poor orphan, towards the beginning of December, Pelagueya and her boxes were placed upon a cart, and after many a tear and warm expression of regret, she was sent off to the Superintendent of the Foundling Hospital—the Institution, in which she was brought up. This gentleman returning with the girl on the following day, was made a witness to the pranks of the same force, and calling in the Police, after a careful inquest had a *proces verbal* signed by the authorities, and departed.

This case having been narrated to a spiritist, a rich nobleman residing at St. Petersburg, the latter betook himself immediately after the young girl and carried her away with him to town.

The above officially-noted facts are being reprinted in every Russian daily organ of note. The prologue finished, we are put in a position to follow the subsequent development of the power in this wonderful medium, as we find them commented upon in all the serious and arch-official papers of the metropolis.

"A new star on the horizon of spiritism has suddenly appeared at St. Petersburg—one Mlle. Pelagueya"—thus speaketh an editorial in the *Novoye Vremya,* January 1, 1881. "The manifestations which have taken place in her presence are so extraordinary and powerful that more than one devout spiritualist seems to have been *upset* by them—literally and by the agency of a heavy table." "But," adds the paper, "the spiritual victims do not seem to have felt in the least annoyed by such *striking* proofs. On the contrary, hardly had they picked themselves up from the floor (one of them before being able to resume his perpendicular position had to crawl out from beneath a sofa whither he had been launched by a heavy table) that, forgetting their bruises, they proceeded to embrace each other in rapturous joy, and with eyes overflowing with tears, congratulate each other upon this new manifestation of the mysterious force."

In the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, a merry reporter gives the following details:—"Miss Pelagueya is a young girl of about nineteen, the daughter of poor but dishonest parents (who had thrust her in the Foundling Hospital, as given above), not very pretty, but with a smypathetic face, very uneducated but intelligent, small in stature but kind at heart, well-proportioned—but nervous. Miss Pelagueya has suddenly manifested most wonderful mediumistic faculties. She is a 'first-class Spiritistic Star' as they call her. And, indeed, the young lady seems to have concentrated in her extremities a phenomenal abundance of magnetic aura; thanks to which, she communicates instantaneously to the objects surrounding her hitherto unheard and unseen phenomenal motions. About five days ago, at a seance at which were present the most noted spiritualists and

mediums of the St. Petersburg *grand monde*.[1] occurred the following. Having placed themselves with Pelagueya around a table, they (the spiritists) had barely time to sit down, when each of them received what seemed an electric shock. Suddenly, the table violently upset chairs and all, scattering the enthusiastic company to quite a respectable distance. The medium found herself on the floor with the rest, and her chair began to perform a series of such wonderful aërial jumps that the terrified spiritists had to take to their heels and left the room in a hurry."

Most opportunely, while the above case is under consideration, there comes from America the account of a lad whose system appears to be also abnormally charged with vital magnetism. The report, which is from the *Catholic Mirror*, says that the boy is the son of a Mr. and Mrs. John C. Collins, of St. Paul, in the state of Minnesota. His age is ten years and it is only recently that the magnetic condition has developed itself—a curious circumstance to be noted. Intellectually he is bright, his health is perfect, and he enters with zest into all boyish sports. His *left* hand has become "a wonderfully strong magnet. Metal articles of light weight attach themselves to his hand so that considerable force is required to remove them. Knives, pins, needles, buttons, etc., enough to cover his hand, will thus attach themselves so firmly that they cannot be shaken off. Still more, the attraction is so strong that a common coalscuttle can be lifted by it, and heavier implements have been lifted by stronger persons taking hold of his arm. With heavy articles, however, the boy complains of sharp pains darting along his arm. In a lesser degree his left arm and the whole left side of his body exerts the same power, but it is not at all manifest on his right side."

The only man who has thrown any great light upon the natural and abnormal magnetic conditions of the human body is the late Baron von Reichenbach of Vienna, a renowned chemist and the discoverer of a new force which he called *Odyle*. His experiments lasted more than five years, and neither expense, time nor trouble were grudged to make them conclusive. Physiologists had long observed, especially among hospital patients, that a large proportion of human beings can sensibly feel a peculiar influence, or aura, proceeding from the magnet when downward passes are made along their persons but without touching them. And it was also observed that in such diseases as St. Vitus's dance (*chorea*), various forms of paralysis, hysteria, &c. the patients showed this sensitiveness in a peculiar degree. But though the great Berzelius and other authorities in science had urged that men of science should investigate it, yet this most important field of research had been left almost untrodden until Baron Reichenbach undertook his great task. His discoveries were so important that they can only

[1] We seriously doubt whether there ever will be more than there are now believers in Spiritualism among the middle and lower classes of Russia. These are too sincerely devout, and believe too fervently in the devil to have any faith in "spirits."

be fully appreciated by a careful reading of his book, *Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force;*—unfortunately out of print, but of which copies may be occasionally procured in London, second-hand.

For the immediate purpose in view, it needs only be said that he proves that the body of man is filled with an aura, 'dynamide,' 'fluid,' vapour, influence, or whatever we may choose to call it; that it is alike in both sexes; that it is specially given off at the head, hands, and feet; that, like the aura from the magnet, it is polar; that the whole left side is positive, and imparts a sensation of warmth to a sensitive to whom we may apply our left hand, while the whole right side of the body is negative, and imparts a feeling of coolness. In some individuals this vital magnetic (or, as he calls it, Odyllic) force is intensely strong. Thus, we may fearlessly consider and believe any phenomenal case such as the two above-quoted without fear of outstepping the limits of exact science, or of being open to the charge of superstition or credulity. It must at the same time, be noted that Baron Reichenbach did not find one patient whose aura either deflected a suspended magnetic needle, or attracted iron objects like lodestone. His researches, therefore, do not cover the whole ground; and of this he was himself fully aware. Persons magnetically surcharged, like the Russian girl and the American boy, are now and then encountered, and among the class of mediums there have been a few famous ones. Thus, the medium Slade's finger, when passed either way over a compass, will attract the needle after it to any extent. The experiment was tried by Professors Zöllner and W. Weber (Professor of Physics, founder of the doctrine of Vibration of Forces) at Leipzig. Professor Weber "placed on the table a compass, enclosed in glass, the needle of which we could all observe very distinctly by the bright candlelight, while we had our hands joined with those of Slade" which were over a foot distant from the compass. So great was the magnetic aura discharging from Slade's hands, however, that "after about five minutes the needle began to swing violently in arcs of from 40° to 60° till at length it several times turned completely round." At a subsequent trial, Professor Weber succeeded in having a common knitting-needle, tested with the compass just before the experiment and found wholly unmagnetized, converted into a permanent magnet. "Slade laid this needle upon a slate, held the latter under the table * * * * and in about four minutes, when the slate with the knitting-needle was laid again upon the table, the needle was so strongly magnetised at one end (and *only* at one end) that iron shavings and sewing-needles stuck to this end; the needle of the compass could be easily drawn round in a circle. The originated pole was a south pole, inasmuch as the north pole of the (compass) needle was attracted, the south pole repelled."*

**Transcendental Physics.* p. 47.

Baron Reichenbach's first branch of inquiry was that of the effect of the magnet upon animal nerve; after which he proceeded to observe the effect upon the latter of a similar aura or power found by him to exist in crystals. Not to enter into details—all of which, however, should be read by every one pretending to investigate Aryan science—his conclusion he sums up as follows:—"With the magnetic force, as we are acquainted with it in the lodestone and the magnetic needle, that force ("Odyle"—the new force he discovered) is associated, with which, in crystals, we have become acquainted." Hence: *The force of the magnet is not,* as has been hitherto taken for granted, *one single force, but consists of two,* since, *to that long known, a new hitherto unknown, and decidedly distinct one, must be added, the force, namely, which resides in crystals.*" One of his patients was a Mlle. Nowotny, and her sensitiveness to the auras of the magnet and crystal was phenomenally acute. When a magnet was held near her hand it was irresistibly attracted to follow the magnet wherever the Baron moved it. The effect upon her hand "was the same as if some one had seized her hand, and by means of this drawn or bent her body towards her feet." (She was lying in bed, sick, and the magnet was moved in that direction.) When approached close to her hand "the hand adhered so firmly to it, that when the magnet was raised, or moved sidewards, backwards, or in any direction whatever, *her hands stuck to it, as if attached in the way in which a piece of iron would have been.*" This, we see, is the exact reverse of the phenomenon in the American boy Collin's case for, instead of his hand being attracted to anything, iron objects, light and heavy, seem attracted irresistibly to his hand, and *only his left hand.* Reichenbach naturally thought of testing Mlle. Nowotny's magnetic condition. He says:—"To try this, I took filings of iron, and brought her finger over them. *Not the smallest particle adhered to the finger,* even when it had just been in contact with the magnet. . . . A magnetic needle finely suspended, to the poles of which I caused her to approach her finger alternately, and in different positions, did not exhibit the slightest tendency to deviation or oscillation."

Did space permit, this most interesting analysis of the accumulated facts respecting the occasional abnormal magnetic surcharge of human beings might be greatly prolonged without fatiguing the intelligent reader. But we may at once say that since Reichenbach* proves magnetism to be a compound instead of a simple, force, and that every human being is charged with one of these forces, Odyle; and since the Slade experiments, and the phenomena of Russia and St. Paul, show that the human body does also at times discharge the true magnetic aura, such as is found in the lodestone; therefore the explanation is that in these latter abnormal cases the individual has simply evolved an excess of the one instead of the other of the forces which together form what is commonly

*Reichenbach, op. cit. pp. 25, 46, 210.

known as magnetism. *There is, therefore, nothing whatever of supernatural in the cases.* Why this happens is, we conceive, quite capable of explanation, but as this would take us too far afield in the less commonly known region of occult science it had better be passed over for the present.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS*

From L.

1. What plan of life should a theosophist adopt? Take one who does not aspire to chelaship, but who is anxious to live rightly. Should he give up literature, or music, or art; and ought he to give up thoughts of marriage?

Answer.—The plan of life should be that which shall appear to the student the best one under his lights; any sort of life may have as a plan under it the good of the race. It is not required that literature or art should be given up: theosophy seeks to round men out and not to produce moral skeletons. As to marriage, we have nothing to say.

2. Is *Light on the Path* written for chelas alone or for all?

Answer.—It was written for all who strive to understand the meaning *under* the language; its real sense is not conveyed by the mere words in it.

3. Why do so many warn against rashly attempting chelaship? If it is right, why not for all? Will it be easier in some future life, or will it be always a struggle? If the necessity for leaders make it right for some to essay this, how is one to tell which is his duty, to try or not?

Answer.—The reason for the warning has been given over and over again. A chela calls upon himself awful possibilities of disaster, and voluntarily exposes himself to the most pitiless foes the race has,—those within the mind's plane and in the astral world. These are not figments, and every one who forces himself must meet the consequences, for the kingdom of heaven is surrounded by monsters, and the way to it is enveloped with the black cloud of the soul's despair at a place where knowledge, power and faith are needed, and where sentiment plays no part.

The road winds up hill all the way even to the very end; but in this life we may prepare ourselves to be ready to make a farther advance in our next reincarnation.

Any one who *is* to be a leader will easily find that out. We are not to try and discover that we are leaders, but to do our every duty; if they are performed, the Law of Karma will find those who are the real leaders, and all sham captains will disappear.

A STUDENT.

* This article was first printed by William Q. Judge in *The Path* for February, 1889.

THE IMPERFECTIONS OF SCIENCE*

MR. ROBERT WARD, discussing the questions of Heat and Light in the November *Journal of Science*, shows us how utterly ignorant is science about one of the commonest facts of nature—the heat of the sun. He says:—"The question of the temperature of the sun has been the subject of investigation by many scientists. Newton, one of the first investigators of the problem, tried to determine it, and after him all the scientists who have been occupied with calorimetry have followed his example. All have believed themselves successful, and have formulated their results with great confidence. The following, in the chronological order of the publication of the results, are the temperatures (in centigrade degrees) found by each of them: Newton, 1,669,300°; Pouillet, 1,461°; Zöllner, 102,200°; Secchi, 5,344,840°; Ericsson, 2,726,700°; Fizeau, 7,500°; Waterston, 9,000,000°; Spoeren, 27,000°; * * * * * * * Deville, 9,500°; Soret, 5,801,846°; Vicaire, 1,398°; Violle, 1,500°; Rosetti, 20,000°. The difference is, as 1,400° against 9,000,000°, or no less than 8,998,600°! There probably does not exist in science a more astonishing contradiction than that revealed in these figures." And again. Ever since the science of geology was born, scientists have accepted the theory that the heart of our globe is still a mass of molten matter, or liquid fire and only a thin crust is cool and solid. Assuming the earth's diameter to be about 9,000 miles, this crust they have estimated to be relatively to it only as thick as the film of a huge soap-bubble to its entire diameter. And they have assumed that the alleged increasing temperature in certain deep mines as we go from the surface downwards supported this theory. But science, through the mouth of Mr. Ward, rebukes this as a fallacious theory though still without sufficient data—"it is confidently asserted that the interior of the earth is in a red-hot molten condition, and that it is radiating its heat into space, and so growing colder. One of the results of the *Challenger* and other explorations of the deep ocean is to determine that the water towards its bottom is freezing cold. Considering that the ocean covers nearly three-fourths of the entire globe, this fact certainly does not support the theory of central heat accompanied by radiation. The coldest water, it is true, usually sinks by its greater weight towards the bottom, and that, it may be said, accounts for its coldness; but, on the theory of radiation the water of the ocean has been for long geological ages supported on the thin crust of the earth, through which the central heat has been constantly escaping; and yet it is still of freezing coldness! Experience would say that the heat cannot have escaped through the water without warming it, because the capacity of water for

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heat is greater than that of any other substance. We can no more imagine such a radiation, and consequent accumulation of heat in the ocean, without the natural result of a great rise in temperature, than we can believe in a pot resting for hours on a hot fire without the usual result of boiling water. We have no reason, therefore, to believe, as has been suggested, that the earth is growing colder, or that we, in common with all living things, are destined to be frozen out of existence and the earth itself finally swallowed up by the sun."

And now let us ask our smart young graduates of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and Lahore how they like this view of the infallibility of that modern science for whose sake they are ready to abandon the teachings of their ancestors. Is there anything more unscientific in their speculations, granting, even, that they are as stupid?

ON THE LOOKOUT

Current Opinion for October contains an excellent and interesting summary of the evidence pro and con regarding the religious beliefs of Abraham Lincoln, from which it is clear that Lincoln held views almost identical with those expressed by Thomas Paine. Protestant, no less than Catholic Christianity, has been and is guilty of every possible perversion of the facts of history, ranging from simple misstatement and misrepresentation to the most malignant calumny.

Tom Paine has been held out as godless, an atheist, a foe to morality, an enemy to the faith of mankind, a renegade, and a last hour repentant drunkard and sinner. The facts, always accessible in the public record of Paine's life and in his writings, show him as a patriot, a man of the highest ideals, whose life was one long sacrifice for the good of mankind, and a Deist—a good eighteenth century synonym for Theosophist. His own phrase, exemplified by his own life, is a clear avowal and a clear application of the first object of the Theosophical Society. That phrase runs, "The world is my Country; to do good is my religion." The sources cited by *Current Opinion* show that Lincoln's religious convictions, like his life, were comparable to Thomas Paine's. His life is known of all. His religion is thus summarized: "He did not believe in a special creation, his idea being that all creation was an evolution under law; he did not believe that the Bible was a special revelation from God; he did not believe in miracles as understood by the Christians; he believed in universal inspiration and miracles under law; he did not believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, as the Christian church contends; he believed that all things, both matter and mind, were governed by laws, universal, absolute and eternal." This is Theosophy. It would be interesting to get a concensus of opinion on the question, Was Jesus a Christian? Certainly *not*, if Catholicism or Protestantism constitutes Christianity. Was Jesus a Theosophist? Just that. What Jesus or Tom Paine or Abraham Lincoln may have known that they did not divulge cannot be enquired into, but judged by what they lived and what is recorded of them, they were anything but Christians, as that word is interpreted and applied by sects, priests and laity.

"Use with care those living messengers called words," wrote Mr. Judge in admonition to theosophical students. The phrase comes to mind on observing a full-page article entitled, "On Their Way: A Little Lecture on Reincarnation," in *Every Week* for August 27. In a would-be sprightly and popular style the writer transforms a pet Angora into an actress "after about eighty-one more lives;" a pony becomes a society bud "a few lives hence," and so on—with becoming illustrations. Ask every one you meet what he understands to be the teaching of Theosophy, and you will be sadly surprised to learn what an amazing percentage of the public holds the fixed idea that its principal tenet is transmigration of men into animal and lower forms and *vice versa.* Distortions of fact are common enough on every subject—enough so that one would think mankind would seek first-hand evidence. The reverse is the case, and every idle or malicious perversion gains some measure of currency in the popular estimation; in the course of time to become an added stratum in the dense crust of ignorance that makes for superstition. Theosophical teachings must depend for propagation in their purity upon the efforts of theosophical students. Only by such efforts can the popular understanding be corrected. "There is scarcely a Theosophist who cannot correct popular misunderstandings upon the subject." So wrote one of the Masters in the earlier days of the Society. This is the true mission and function of any and all Theosophical societies and students—"to teach, preach and popularize a knowledge of the *fundamental* principles of the Wisdom-Religion."

We are pleased to note that our old familiar friend, the "atom" of science, more recently discarded for the theory of "ions" has again been subjected to further modifications as the "catalytic theory of life" in which "enzymes play the chief role in almost everything that goes on in the organism." We have a memory of childhood gibberish variously called "pig Latin" and "dog Latin" which consisted in the abortion and perversion of speech, that seems to us strangely akin to scientific efforts and terminology in probing the "mystery" with laboratory tools and appliances. Turn as they will, these "psychic researchers" with the mechanical "mediums" of microscope and test tubes, find themselves ever confronted with a "Something animated by a Psychic something"—the "pairs of opposites" of the *Gita,* which they *cannot* unify because they deny the identity of the unifying element—their own consciousness. We are indebted for the new addition to the Directory to Dr. Leonard Thompson Troland, who duly sets forth his theory in *The American Naturalist.* We think there is hope for him, however, for he finds that "growth is *autocatalytic* and strictly analogous to the crystallization of salts in a solution," which, words aside, is not a far cry from the Third Fundamental Proposition of the *Secret Doctrine:* "The *fundamental identity* of all Souls (or 'enzymes,' if Dr. Troland insists) with the Universal Over-Soul" and their "growth" or "evolution" through every elemental form from the crystallization of salts to the "self-induced and self-devised exertions" in organic forms which Dr. Troland calls *auto*catalytic—from "mineral and plant" up to Dr. Troland himself, and "beyond, through all degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest Manas." We wish that earnest, zealous and devoted students like Dr. Troland, Dr. Hirschberg, and so many others, would but for a brief year or two pursue their studies in the light of the "theory" unfolded in the principles of Theosophy. They would come in contact with that knowledge for which else they vainly seek and the world as vainly waits.

A Los Angeles minister recently preached a sermon on the subject, "The Struggle for Life Eternal," taking the old ground of the sects of all time, that immortality is a thing to be gained by some sort of an *auto de fe;* the acceptance and belief in some fetish or formula. An editorial writer in one

of the local papers pertinently inquires, "Is it necessary that one should strive for immortality? Is there any difference between life eternal and the life of the eternal Now? Is not life, after all, a matter of pure realization, a consciousness of the ever-present goodness of being?" The old singers of the Upanishads ages ago spoke in answer to these reachings after what *is,* and said, "This Eternal is not to be gained from books, nor by sacrifices, nor by penances, nor by words, nor by much striving. It is to be gained by affirming that it is. That Thou Art, O Natchiketas. In the hearts of all it ever abideth. It is the Ego seated in the hearts of all beings." Every Savior who has put on the garment of flesh to make a bridge of communication to mankind has repeated this eternal truth to ignorant man. Mr. Judge, to those who besought the Path, said, "Realization comes from dwelling on the thing to be realized." It is so simple as that. The realization of the Life eternal is not a struggle, it is the dwelling on the fact of our own undying nature.

> "It is just this specialization that has been the trouble with religion. It is just this tendency to make it the business of a special sort of man, in a special sort of building, on a special day. Every man, every building, every day, belongs equally to God. That is my conviction. I think that the only possible existing sort of religious meeting is something after the fashion of the Quaker meeting."

Thus the *Bishop* in Mr. H. G. Wells' latest story—and we think the *Bishop* is merely the mask through which speaks the present conviction of Mr. Wells. This sincere writer, hurried into open revolt against the established order in religion by the spectacle of war in "God His world," fashions himself a new deity out of the bones of the dead god of the Church of England, and his oracle speaks as Mr. Wells thinks, expresses Mr. Wells' feelings, and desires Mr. Wells' desires—always a *deus ex machina.* Each day the world around witnesses some new tower of Babel against the recurrence of the flood of experience which has drowned the old structures of thought. It is evident that Mr. Wells' thinking is as prolix and as little digested as his reading. *The Soul of a Bishop* still hankers after a personal god, still worships the gigantic shadow of man, bliss-filled when this shadow becomes a speaking image echoing back to him his own longings. Mr. Wells is his own God, as are we all, but Mr. Wells still blinds himself to the fact of his own divinity and never approaches himself but in words, words, words. Mr. Wells' perfection is never other than the conceived opposite of the imperfections he perceives—as though light were the opposite of darkness, wisdom the antithesis of ignorance. Let Mr. Wells turn to that Theosophy which he names, as the *Bishop* names religion, and ponder two statements, the one for excision of the cause of our spiritual blindness, the other for the faith that runs ever in advance of all seeing:

> "It is only with a mind clear and undarkened by personality, and an assimilation of the merit of manifold existences *devoted to being in its collectivity* (the whole living and sentient Universe), that one gets rid of *personal* existence, merging into, becoming one with, the Absolute."
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> "As we rise in the scale of development we perceive that during the stages through which we have passed we mistook shadows for realities, and the upward progress of the Ego is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality;' but only when we shall have reached the absolute Consciousness, and *blended our own with it,* shall we be free from delusions."

Every forward movement in human life necessarily takes the form of a rebellion against the established order of things. Just as a solution tends to precipitate and then to crystallize, paralleling the order of evolution of a

solar system, so the same universal tendency—the *Tamas* of *Bhagavad-Gita*—is everywhere evidenced metaphysically as well. After action, inertia; then renewed action, but the coarser always sooner settles and always longer resists change. The progress of the race depends now, as always, on the few ardent minds to whom every advance acts as a stimulus, every possibility as a road ahead, every horizon as a lure to the "beyond." It is this *karma of acceleration* as opposed to the mass inertia of the great majority that opens the door for the infiltration of higher ideas from those Elder Brothers of the race, the Masters of Wisdom; and, finally, permits their direct incarnation among mankind. There have been Adept kings, poets, philosophers and statesmen in earlier cycles, and they will come again, when the leaven of Theosophy has made plastic the mind of the race. It is natural, therefore, that earnest students of the great philosophy of H. P. B. should vigilantly observe the signs of the times in the various fields of human endeavor, to learn the meaning of the ferments everywhere discernible, and note the significance of a growing openness of mind in the midst of what otherwise might and does often appear as the chaos of bewilderments, false runnings to and fro, or the apparently destructive. For such students remember deeply and strengthen themselves by dwelling upon the occasional *obiter dicta* of H. P. B. concerning the possible effects of the message of Theosophy upon the West within a measurably brief period. As her phrase, "the twenty-first century may be the last of its name"; or "in the twentieth century the *Secret Doctrine* will become the text-book of science"; or, again, "if Theosophists but do their duty the twenty-first century will be a heaven compared with this." In *Isis Unveiled* she lays the lines for those who can see. That seeing is easier now than forty years ago, for now the prospect is some part aided by the retrospect of two score years. Thus, in her first volumes she sets out that progress for the future will come through turning to occult nature; that in electricity, magnetism, and the blending of physiology and psychology, the best minds will find their road; or, as she quaintly puts it, "Call it physiological psychology, if that will make it any easier."

We are led to these reflections by an earnest, able and sincere article in the *Medical Record,* New York, by Dr. J. Allen Gilbert, on "Physiology as a Cause of the Failures in Medicine." He finds the obstacles to medical progress many, but sums them up as the domination of the physiologist over the psychologist. The doctors fail or refuse to see the connection between "mind and matter." Dr. Gilbert insists powerfully that a revolt against dogmatic physiology must come from the ranks of progressive medical men, the majority of physicians taking but little interest in psychology because of ignorance of the subject. Dr. Gilbert's article is almost a Declaration of Independence from materialism in medicine. It "makes one shudder," to see the boldness of materialistic physiologists. "Is the physical organism a machine," he asks, "with no kinship to the higher emotional aspects of man's nature? Is there nothing of man but the chemical process known as physiology?" He declares the positiveness of the schools is "less critical in its fundamental tenets than was ever the old-time dogmatic theology." The average doctor in his treatment of the "psychological phenomena" of the patient "identifies them with hysteria, a sort of psychological dumping ground for all phenomena which disorder his materialistic postulates. . . . He dismisses them as mere products of the brain and proceeds with his physiological investigations," and "physiology answers his queries with a dogmatism characteristic of the so-called objective sciences." "Is mind an entity?" Dr. Gilbert avers that physiology answers with a "derisive grin." Nevertheless, "physiology and biology together fail to explain the difficulties the physician faces daily." The physiologist "assumes the brain as an ultimate, material, abiding, fact; consciousness is looked upon as secondary, evanescent and non-material, with no abiding essence to give it the right of existence as such." Yet the same physiologist finds himself compelled to

"escape his own inability to explain the facts which confront him by ascribing them to the effects of mind on body." Dr. Gilbert urges that "the fundamental error lies in the assumption of a structure preceding function, whereas structure and function are synonymous from the standpoint of explanation. . . . They are different aspects of the same thing. . . . Structure is the visible evidence of function rather than the basis of it." Led by the force of his own experienced logic, Dr. Gilbert goes on to declare, "to ascribe life to one form of realty and deny it to another is but to change words without a distinction. Actual transformation of the mineral into the vegetable and animal goes on daily before our eyes and *vice versa.* A boundary line is absolutely impossible. Chemistry knows no 'dead'."

What student of Theosophy can but feel heartened in courage, strengthened in his faith, renewed in his energy and determination to "carry on the work" of spreading the principles of the great philosophy "on the lines laid down from the beginning" when he sees such visible if unrecognized evidence of the working of the Law in the stand taken by professional men like Dr. Gilbert? What one can fail to see the unconscious assimilation of the teachings of occultism, the germination of the seed sown by H. P. B.? Dr. Gilbert's article has received extended notice and consideration and must inevitably affect the mind and action of many physicians. It tends to take psychology and psychological physiology out of the hands of the vampire, the empiric, the charlatan and the quack, whether in the universities, the office, or the lecture room, and give them place and standing in the thought and study of competent and honest minds. In turn, such thought and study will bring these brave and open minds to the study of the *Secret Doctrine* as a veritable text-book, and that which was in 1878 but a prophecy or a vain boast, as one chose to regard it, will have become established as a *vade mecum* of the true physician.

A recent editorial in the Los Angeles *Times,* printed under the heading "Soul-saving Facilities," dilates in a roughly humorous way upon the wide choice in forms of worship available to residents of this city, including among the various "appliances for soul saving" mentioned, a statement to this effect: "There is a Lodge of Theosophists where you can ascertain what you were doing for a living when George Washington was President, what official position you held under Julius Caesar and whether you will probably be a fireman or a harpist in the sweet bye and bye." This statement may or may not be true. We are informed that, when a certain Hindu was addressing a series of meetings under the auspices of one of the so-called "Theosophical Societies" in Los Angeles a few winters ago he would call persons out of the audience, and then and there assume to tell them in some detail as to their "past incarnations!" But that a newspaper as well informed as the *Times* is supposed to be should mistake such mystery-mongering for a common-sense philosophy like Theosophy is well-nigh incredible. Anyone can call himself, or herself, a Theosophist, just as any man can call himself a Christian. Any body of people can term itself a "Lodge of Theosophists," or a "Christian Church," or what not. But names do not make facts, as the person of average experience has ascertained for himself. Meanwhile we suppose that the cause of Theosophy—the philosophy enunciated and promulgated by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and still kept alive in the world by a few unimportant but eminently sensible people—will continue to suffer from the vagaries and nonsensical speculations of those nominal "Theosophists" who would appear very wise and mysterious in the eyes of credulous followers. But the *Times* has had enough experience, pleasant and unpleasant, with Theosophists real and nominal in the past ten years so that its editorial writers need not confuse the old Wisdom-Religion itself with the interpretations and presentations of "Theosophists" who do not know it, as the writer of the above extract seems to have done.